The Literary Digest

NEW YORK, AUGUST 15, 1931

TOPICS OF THE DAY

New York's War on Child-Killing Gangs

BLAZING WITH ANGER over the killing of one child and the wounding of four others by wild-shooting gunmen, New York City takes a vow to clean out the gangs and make its sidewalks safe for children.

Governor Roosevelt, Mayor Walker, Police Commissioner Mulrooney, and dozens of other State and city leaders join with press and pulpit in denouncing this "damnable outrage," as the Governor calls it, and in pushing a drive that aims to end the power of hoodlums in the metropolis.

Shotgun slugs and .45 caliber bullets fired from an automobile moving slowly in broad daylight through a crowded East Side street ripped through a baby carriage and wounded its occupant, pierced a boy's lemonade stand, and dropt little victims on the sidewalk, one of them mortally hurt. Now the usually complacent New York thunders in wrath.

The State American Legion offers to throw 30,000 men on the streets to end the gang menace.

Twenty-five thousand dollars in rewards is offered for the capture and conviction of the killers.

The police are ordered to bring them in dead or alive, and in all encounters with gangsters they are told to shoot first and "above the waist."

"If they want war," says Police Commissioner Mulrooney, "we will give it to them. If they use guns, we will use guns. If they use knives, we will use knives."

And the nation echoes his words.

By many papers throughout the country, this shooting is viewed as "the turning-point" in gang domination.

"MOTHERS Should Rise Against Gangs" is the caption of an article by Marguerite Mooers Marshall in the New York *Evening Journal*, in which she visualizes this "tragedy of betrayed childhood" in Harlem's "Little Italy"—

"Picture it for yourself: that crowded block on the upper East Side, where all day long the sun has scorched the sidewalk and turned tenement rooms into infernos of heat for the children and their mothers. Not for them the grassy country fields, the tree-shaded suburban lawns, the soft, white beaches washed with cool, blue waves—nothing for them, all day long, but dark, ill-ventilated rooms like ovens, or breezeless, burning streets.

"Then, in the early evening, there comes a cool breath of relief even for E. 107th Street. The sun is setting, a flicker of cool air draws up from the river, the children laugh again and gather for the best play hour of the day. The babies go out for an airing—as three-year-old Michael Bevelaqua went out in his carriage, with Cousin Florence D'Amelio as little mother to look after him.

"Suddenly a strange car, ruthless as the car of Juggernaut which crusht the life out of baby victims of long ago, transforms that block between Second and Third avenues to a sector of No Man's Land. Into the helpless covey of playing children, even into little Michael Bevelaqua's baby carriage, the cruel, casual shots are flung.

"Fourteen-year-old Florence, not too young for the instinctive mother-passion which will protect babies at all costs, tries to shield her little charge with her own frail shoulders—and receives a bullet in one of them as she rushes up the stairs of her grandmother's apartment with baby Michael. But already two shots have penetrated his back—his baby carriage is covered with blood.

"The other Michael, the five-year-old Michael Vengalli, has dropt to the sidewalk, a little shrieking heap of tortured childhood, his small body perforated with so many wounds that in a few hours he is to die on the operating table. His brother, Salvatore, two years older, is struck by five bullets, and his condition is extremely critical. A fifth child, Samuel Defini, is shot in the leg. Then the car is gone, and anguished fathers and mothers rush out to pick up their wounded and dying.

"The cry of those murdered, maimed children echoes from every stone of that street where they were shot down in cold blood and callous brutality. The criminal hands which struck at those babies are raised against every home, every mother of babies in New York."

International

Riddled by Gang Bullets

The baby carriage in which a three-year-old child was wounded twice by gunmen.

Hundreds of persons were in the street and dozens of others were leaning out the windows as the fifty or sixty shots fired by the gunmen ricocheted against building and pavement, hitting almost everything but the intended victim. But when the police rushed into the block they could find not one person who would give them a clue to the car. The Sicilian code of silence closed every mouth, said the police. But it was more than the code, according to Mrs. Rose Bevelaqua, mother of the child who was in the baby carriage. She said, as quoted in the press:

"We Italians are not courageous enough to come out and tell what we know. There will not be one person on the street who will tell.

"I wish to God I had seen that car. If ever I set my hands on the man who shot Michael, I will cut him to pieces.

"But my people will not talk. We are afraid they will come later and kill our husbands or our brothers or our sons."

POLICE were said at first to believe that a beer runners' war led to the shooting, but later it was said to be a bookmakers' war, and it was reported in the press that a "swaggering, flashily

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drest gambler" known as "Big Teed" had admitted that the shots were intended for him. So wild was the aim of the six gunmen that police thought they must have been drunk or drugged or rank novices.

Twelve hundred policemen, members of the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association, after listening to talks by Mayor Walker and Commissioner Mulrooney, in which they declared a war of extermination upon gangsters, voted to offer a reward of $10,000 for the capture of the killers. In addition, *The World-Telegram* offered $5,000 and the New York *American* $10,000.

"Aw, It's Only a Kid!"
—Kirby in the New York "World-Telegram."

Mayor Walker urged every patrolman, we read, to "call on Almighty Providence" to give him "supernatural strength to bring to justice these dogs that are guilty of the killing of these little ones." And he continued:

"Let the whole world know that the little ones upon whom the taxpayers spend billions of dollars for schools and parks and playgrounds are precious to us. Don't let a waking moment pass without thinking of that case. Bring those responsible in, bring them in dead or alive, but bring them in. I mean that from the bottom of my heart. Let's show the world this thing can't happen in the city of New York and go unpunished. This is one thing that must be run down."

And then Commissioner Mulrooney issued his "shoot-above-the-waist" order:

"I don't want you to exhibit any hesitation when you come upon a man known to be a racketeer and think he is armed. Don't be the last one to draw.

"If we should learn the men responsible for this killing in East 107th Street, and if you should come upon any one of them, I want you to draw first and give it to him.

"Have no hesitation at all in giving it to him—and give it to him above the waist-line."

"This ought to wake the public up," declared the Commissioner in a newspaper statement. "It ought to teach them that there must be more adequate laws governing the sale of pistols, shotguns, and rifles.

"The only way to do it is by Federal supervision. As long as weapons that are outlawed in one State can be readily got in another, there will be things of this kind."

Not much time was wasted in putting the "shoot first" order into effect. The night before little Michael Vengalli was buried, four bandits were wounded by police in two hold-ups.

But even so gangland did not seem much imprest. Even as the police were adopting extraordinary methods of warfare—one was to have groups of detectives armed with repeating shotguns tour the city night and day—two more brutal shootings were reported. In one a Brooklyn manufacturer was slain in front of his home. In the other, only four blocks from where the children were shot, two men were wounded while in an automobile. The shots scattered children playing in the street, and the police said that it was only because the gunman used a pistol instead of a shotgun that none was hit.

Up goes a roar of denunciation from papers all over the country, and among the loudest voices are those of the metropolitan press.

"This is the test," declares the New York *World-Telegram*. "If this does not rouse New York, nothing will"—

"If the police let this get by, if what happened in Little Italy is allowed to join the already long, long list of crimes unsolved and unpunished, then outlawry triumphs and the racket and the rod rule. If baby killers can escape, civilization can't."

"What is the manhood of this city going to do about it?" demands the New York *American*. "The call is for action, resolute, immediate, effective."

"Some enterprising manufacturer," suggests a reader of the New York *Daily News*, "ought to find a good market for little bullet-proof vests for children, after that Harlem shooting."

Ordering out the National Guard may be the only sure way of crushing the gangs, thinks the New York *Evening Journal*, pointing out that the Governor "can order the Guard to take control of the situation if local officials and local police can not deal with it."

In far-away London, the shooting reechoes. *The Daily Express* says, as quoted in the dispatches:

"If anything can arouse Americans to the disgrace and perils of the lawlessness which has been allowed to grow up in their cities, this ought to.

"What makes the affair so doubly damning is the extreme improbability that the criminals ever will be arrested, and the virtual certainty, if arrested, that they will not be convicted, and if convicted, they will never pay the penalty."

"Nothing more utterly ruthless has ever been reported in American criminal history," asserts the Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette*, adding that the gunmen "have outraged not a few individuals or a single city, but the entire human race."

"It is to be hoped," remarks the Hartford *Courant*, "that this tragedy will shake out of their complaisance those who are ordinarily only indirectly concerned with the activities of the gangster and the racketeer, and bring to bear the only certain method of ousting them, the active pressure of unanimous public opinion."

"Surely," adds the Cleveland *News*, "the turning-point has been reached in police and public apathy toward gangland executioners."

Gang-ridden Chicago bestows upon New York the sullied distinction of being the chief gang center. Says the Chicago *Tribune:*

"New York has gangland primacy with unclouded title these days. Chicago has cleared up its situation in better fashion than many of its citizens dared hope a year ago.

"New York, State as well as city, hasn't made a good effort. Part of its judiciary has been disclosed as unfit, its political system has been seared by charges, but not corrected, and its gangs have not even been intimidated."

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What Are You Going to Do About It?
—Enright in the New York "American."

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The "Unholy Alliance" of Crook, Politician and Police

CRIME IS BIG BUSINESS nowadays.

That is why, claims the Wickersham Commission in the fourteenth and what is called the severest report it has submitted to President Hoover, "the tools of detection, pursuit, and arrest of the criminal should be better than the equipment of the criminal in his commission of the crime and escape from the scene of it."

Political corruption, inefficiency, ill-equipment, incompetent personnel, and bad training in the police systems throughout the United States—these defects, the Wickersham Commission charges, explain why our police never quite catch up with the "big business" efficiency of gangster, racketeer, and beer baron. The "big business" methods of the criminal classes are thus described in the Wickersham report:

"By imitating modern business in its adoption of every mechanical contrivance which will save labor and secure profitable results with the least expenditure of time and money, the criminals have by association and combination among themselves become in their commission of crime superior to the police in detecting, arresting, and prosecuting them."

Most alarming, for the majority of newspapers, is the report's indictment of what the Washington *Herald* terms the "unholy alliance"—between the police and corrupt politicians, and through them with the criminal elements.

The report defines this "unholy alliance" in no uncertain terms:

"The well-known and often proven alliance between criminals and corrupt politicians which controls, in part, at least, where it does not wholly do so, the police force of our large cities, might well be taken as a primary cause of police inefficiency, since it rules the head and every subordinate, and lays a paralyzing hand upon determined action against such major criminals.

"The latter are well known to the police, but, by reason of the sinister influence exerted by corrupt politicians over the chief and his force are allowed to continue their criminal careers when, but for such influence, the police force would make a much better showing, defective as it is in the right personnel and in modern crime-detecting instrumentalities."

THE remedy?

American cities must take their police departments out of politics, answer the Wickersham experts, among whom we find August Vollmer, formerly chief of police of Berkeley, and later of Los Angeles, California, and now professor of police administration in the University of Chicago, David G. Monroe, and Earle W. Garrett, of the same institution.

The "unholy alliance" has, we read, produced these results:

"The general failure of police to detect and arrest criminals guilty of the many murders, spectacular bank, pay-roll, and other hold-ups, and sensational robberies with guns, frequently resulting in the death of the robbed victims, has caused a loss of public confidence in the police of our country.

"Admittedly there are innumerable factors which contribute to political control of the police.

"None, however, is more certain to make the Police Department the plaything of crooked politicians than the American practise of appointing police chiefs for a short definite period or an indefinite period without security of tenure.

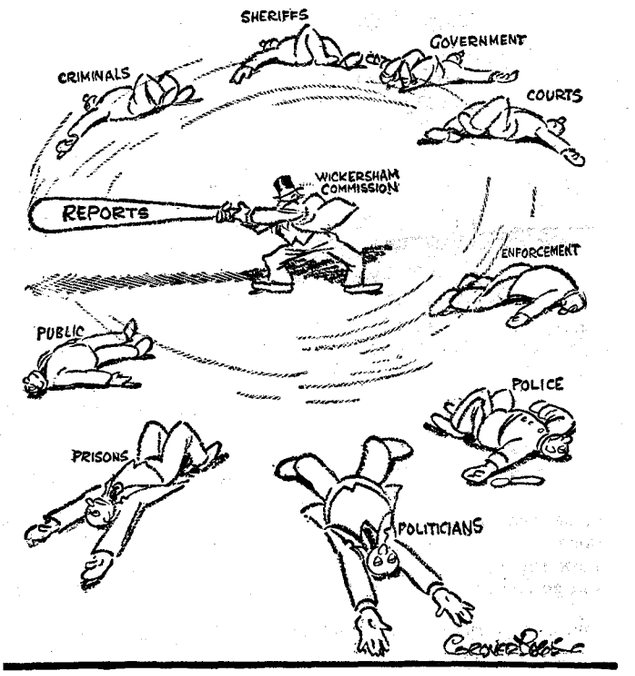
"In nearly every large city there is an alliance between the police and the underworld.

"Witness the deplorable situation in the large cities of New York, Chicago, and others. Chicago has had fourteen police chiefs in thirty years. How can a department function effectively when the head is not in office long enough to become acquainted with his duties or the police problems that require solution?

"In cities where the chief must be blindly obedient to orders from the Mayor, and where that dignitary in some instances is the political creature of killers and crooks of every conceivable character, administration of police affairs must of necessity sink to the level of the controlling influences."

The Wickersham indictment makes an exception of Milwaukee, a city where, the report admits, "the criminal is speedily detected, arrested, and promptly tried and sent on his way to serve his time." As the Milwaukee *Journal* proudly announces: "In forty-six years, Milwaukee has had only two police chiefs, and that both have been free to enforce the law without fear of political interference or reprisal."

MILWAUKEE is praised for maintaining an excellent police headquarters, an honor shared by San Francisco, Cleveland, St. Louis,



Some Batter

—Gage in the Louisville "Courier-Journal."

and Detroit. On the other hand, in Los Angeles, Kansas City, Minneapolis, and Denver "the antithesis of proper policing exists."

Indignant protests from the police heads of representative cities are sent over the wires by the Associated Press—Chicago, Cleveland, and Kansas City entering vigorous denials to the Wickersham charges. Police Commissioner Edward P. Mulrooney of New York City insists, in a statement to the press, that there are "no politics in the Police Department," as candidates for the New York force are selected from civil-service lists.

A large number of editors agree with the New York *Times* that the Wickersham inquiry is "too frequently superficial and careless, and occasionally represented conditions which may have existed three years ago, but which have since been corrected."

TO the chorus of criticism which the "police report" has aroused, ex-Atty.-Gen. George Woodward Wickersham himself vouches for the authenticity of the findings. His answer is printed in the New York *Times*, and he concludes:

"Assertions 'from several cities' to the effect that 'the inquiry was too frequently superficial and careless, and occasionally represented conditions which may have existed three years ago, but which since have been corrected,' will hardly serve to refute the well-fortified statements which are the basis of that report; and it would not be necessary to do more than search the files of the current New York press in very recent times to disclose ample material to sustain the conclusion that the most serious obstacle to good police administration lies in corrupt political influence."

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Turning the Oil Tide With Rifles

YELLOW-MUSTACHED "Alfalfa Bill" Murray, Governor of Oklahoma, springs an economic novelty by closing more than three thousand oil-wells in his State to force the price of petroleum up to a minimum of one dollar a barrel.

And to a country sorely puzzled by food and fuel overproduction, unemployment, and other economic burdens, his move is all the more startling because he calls out the National Guard to enforce his order.

Three thousand, one hundred and six wells in twenty-seven fields are shut in by Mr. Murray's action, we read, only the stripper wells, which produce not more than twenty-five barrels a day, and wells in unprorated territory being unaffected. This, we are told, cuts off about 350,000 barrels of the 425,000 barrels produced daily in the State. Around each of the 3,106 wells, for a radius of fifty feet, martial law is declared.

Now the country is waiting to see what the outcome will be—what effect this drastic action will have on prices, and whether or not the Governor can win in court in his fight against the big oil companies. Some of these companies he accuses of forcing down prices until the independent producers faced ruin.

When oil plunged to twenty cents a barrel, the lowest in the history of the State, Governor Murray threatened to close the fields unless the price went to a dollar, on the ground that the natural resources of the State were being wasted, that the tax paid the State was inadequate, and that the schools were injured because of the removal of oil from school lands.

Up went the price to fifty cents a barrel. But it stopt there, and the Governor's closing order followed.

"Independent producers received the order gladly," we read in an Oklahoma City dispatch to the New York *Herald Tribune*, "because the low price of crude has forced them to the verge of bankruptcy. However, two of the leading oil companies, the Sinclair and Champlin firms, were said to be prepared to go into court, seeking an injunction to prevent enforcement of the order. One company hinted that as a last resort it would appeal to President Hoover."

Quotations from two Oklahoma papers indicate the division of opinion over the Governor's action.

"The proceeding is extraordinary in almost every way, and it may have a prejudicial effect elsewhere as well as a disturbing effect generally here," remarks the Tulsa *World*—

"We doubt very much that force of the edict in itself is such as to bring the price of oil to one dollar a barrel. The smaller refineries, we believe, are the real victims. The big companies will be able to take care of themselves.

"The Governor is plainly inviting conflict. He is standing upon the doctrine of State's rights, and is practically daring the inferior Federal courts to undertake handling of Oklahoma affairs. The ostensible objectives of the Governor are good. Oil is at an outrageously low price, and a great resource is wasted.

"Calling out the militia for entirely civil or business purposes is unprecedented. There was no resistance in sight; there was no breakdown. No overt act justifying the militia call had appeared."

BUT the Tulsa *Tribune* approves the Governor's action, and its editor, Richard Lloyd Jones, writes:

"Governor Murray's order charges price-fixing conspiracy on the part of major oil-corporation operators against independent producers. But what is more vital, it forces upon the Supreme Court of the United States the issue that has long been debated but never decided: Has a Federal judge the right to repudiate the Government of a sovereign State and set himself up as a dictator? It further forces the issue: Can a State determine whether or not a foreign corporation has the right to come into a State and sap the substance of the State's unreplacable resources without adequate compensation? If a State has not this right, what right has a State?"

Another Summer of Air Triumphs

OCEANS AND CONTINENTS ARE SHRINKING almost to ponds and fields in these summer months of long-distance flights.

So many remarkable airplane jumps are being made that we are reminded of "a similar series of triumphs in the summer of 1927."

But, citing the parallel, the New York *World-Telegram* also reminds us of the series of disasters of that year as a result of "foolhardy overconfidence."

It was in 1927 that Lindbergh made his epochal flight, followed by Chamberlin and Byrd. "Then came the Hawaiian flights of Lieutenants Maitland and Hegenberger and Smith and Bronte," adds *The World-Telegram*, and "it began to seem that the airplane had become at last invincible."

But the other side of the picture shows "the overwhelming disaster to the Dole derby to Honolulu and to the tragic transocean attempts of Mrs. Grayson and her companions, of Elsie Mackay, the Princess Lowenstein-Wertheim, of J. B. Hill and Lloyd Bertaud, of Redfern, and Metcalfe and Tully—"

"As a parallel to the 1927 series of brilliant long-distance exploits, we have just had the Post-Gatty expedition, the flights of Horiis and Hillig, of Magyar and Endres, of Pangborn and Herndon, Boardman and Polando, and the persistent, tho luckless, attempts of the two Texas flyers, Jones and Robbins, as well as the leisurely cruise of the Lindberghs."

"Undoubtedly," this paper adds, "aviation has now achieved an entirely new degree of safety and reliability. And yet the disasters to ill-prepared flights following the 1927 successes are a warning against an epidemic of ill-advised imitations now."

ONE flight that attracted world-wide attention, not only because of its length but also because it had a political significance, was that of Capt. George Endres, pilot, and Capt. Alexander Magyar, navigator, of the airplane *Justice for Hungary*. Taking off from Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, on July 15, they were forced down twenty-five hours later twenty-five miles from Budapest, their objective, after traveling 3,200 miles.

A few days later, on July 23, Capt. Frank M. Hawks jumped to page one again by chalking up another in his long series of remarkable flights. After breakfast in New York, he flew to Havana, where he had lunch, and got back in time for a late dinner, all in the space of seventeen hours, two minutes, and fifty seconds. He set new records in both directions, flying down in eight hours, eight and one-half minutes, and back in seven hours and thirty-one minutes.

On July 28, two transatlantic planes soared away from Floyd Bennett airport, Brooklyn, eighteen minutes apart, each aiming to break the 4,912-mile record set by Dieudonne Coste and Maurice Bellonte in 1929. Clyde Pangborn and Hugh Herndon, Jr. took off in the *Miss Veedol*, seeking to beat the Post-Gatty round-the-world flight, and hoping to make Moscow their first stop. But they landed at Moylgrove, Wales, thirty-one hours and forty-two minutes later. Still hopeful, they flew to Berlin, Moscow, and then into Siberia, but meanwhile they had lost so much time that at Khabarovsk they decided to abandon the effort to beat the Post-Gatty mark. Instead, they planned to try the long flight over the Pacific from Tokyo to Seattle.

Meanwhile the other flyers who took off from Brooklyn on the same morning, Russell Boardman and John Polando, had completed a spectacular flight in the *Cape Cod*. They flew more than 5,011 miles to Istanbul, Turkey, in forty-nine hours and twenty minutes, setting a new non-stop distance record.

On the same day that Boardman and Polando reached their goal, July 30, Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Lindbergh left American soil on their 7,000-mile flight to Japan via Canada and Alaska.

And, over in Germany, the *Graf Zeppelin* leisurely returns home from an Arctic cruise.

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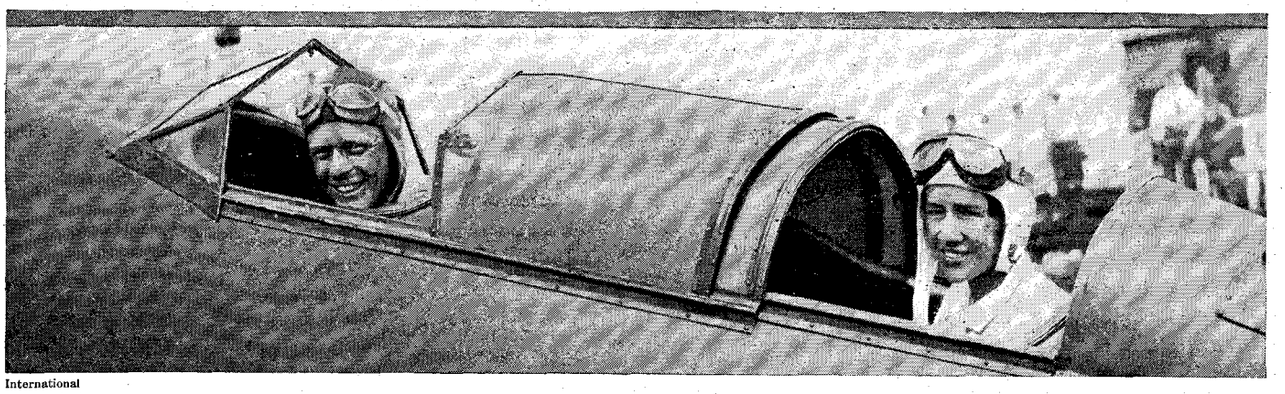


International

The Lindberghs Smile as They Leave New York on Their Way to Canada, Alaska, and the Orient

International

Round the World Flyers

Herndon (at reader's left) and Pangborn in the cockpit of their plane "Miss Veedol."

Acme

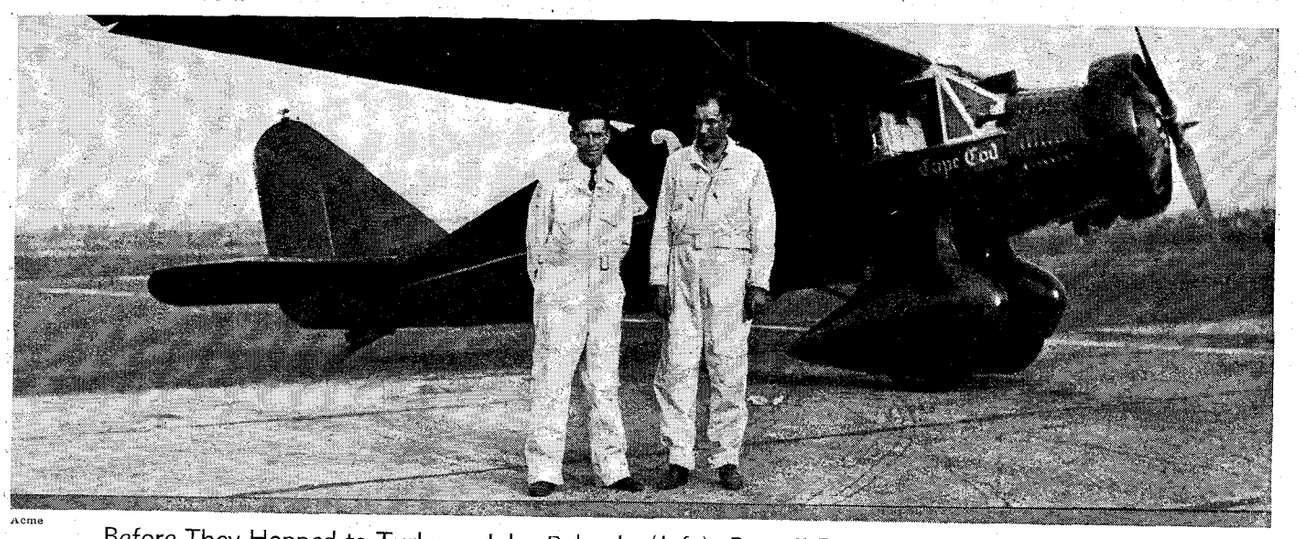
Speed King of the Air

Frank M. Hawks points to another broken record.

International

Telling How They Flew to Hungary

Seated here are Endres (left) and Magyar of the airplane "Justice for Hungary."



Acme

Before They Hopped to Turkey—John Polando (left), Russell Boardman, and the "Cape Cod"

STARS OF THE SUMMER SKY

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Baker's "Simple" Recipe for a Stable World

"A LOADED PISTOL aimed at the heart of civilization itself, with a hair trigger held by an unsteady hand." Such is modern war.

The apt description comes from no less an authority on war than Newton Diehl Baker, who, as every one will remember, was Secretary of War in President Wilson's War Cabinet.

And if going to war means suicide for civilization, well, then, Mr. Baker thinks, we must make it impossible for civilization to commit suicide this way. One obstacle to peace, Mr. Baker very strongly feels, is the existence of the "barrier tariffs" between nations, that have been enacted in the "war spirit." So he presents what the Baltimore *Sun* calls his "simple remedy," or his recipe for a stable world—economic disarmament by general agreement.

The speech in which Mr. Baker advanced these ideas was made at the opening of the Williamstown Institute of Politics, and it immediately attracted wide attention from the press, such attention being focused on both the man and what he said. There are even remarks on his availability as Presidential timber. The occasion brings from a non-partizan observer like L. F. Parton of the Consolidated Press, the recollection that when Mr. Baker was Secretary of War, "it used to be said that he was even more of a scholar in politics than Woodrow Wilson." As evidence—

"He reads Greek and Latin snappy stories in the original. He recites long Arabic and Hebrew poems. His honorary degrees are like the sands of the sea. This year Harvard, Princeton, and Michigan so honored him."

BUT to return to Mr. Baker's Williamstown speech. He would like to see an economic disarmament conference, so to speak—

"Barrier tariffs have been erected on every new frontier, and many of them are provocative, some of them frankly hostile, and all of them an encumbrance upon that field of freedom in which progress and peace can best function.

"The spirit in which many of these tariffs have been enacted has been the war spirit."

Acme

Another Scholar in Politics

Newton D. Baker, who would lower tariffs by international conference.

Mr. Baker advocates a policy of gradual horizontal reductions, arranged by an international conference that might operate in the fields of industry and economics as the League of Nations does in the political field.:

"Such a conference could recommend, for general adoption, legislation in all countries, making horizontal reductions in all schedules, to go into effect simultaneously, at definite rates over periods of years, calculated to permit the effect of the reduction to be absorbed by domestic readjustments.

"This would preserve the relative situation of all countries. It would meet the nationa prejudice against unilateral economic disarmament. It could be done much more rapidly than by any other process because no country would be put in any changed relative relation to other countries, and all countries would know in advance the extent and rate of change and so be able to busy themselves to meet the changes as they went into effect.

"The final advantage of this plan seems to me to lie in the fact that it does not subject the tariff policy of any nation to international control which would run counter to the insuperable obstacles of that national feeling which has, in every country, always insisted that tariff making is a domestic question."

MORE impressive even than the optimism of this Baker plan, comments the Baltimore *Sun*, "is the simplicity of the remedies which Mr. Baker proposes for the world's ills":

"Such localized reductions, as the experience of England during the past three-quarters of a century has shown, may be very beneficial to the reducing nation, and may also point the way to the more general goal of complete economic disarmament toward which Mr. Baker would have the world work."

For Newton Baker's home-town admirer, the Cleveland *Plain-Dealer*, his Williamstown address "rivets attention on a man with superb talents of statesmanship, and emphasizes his availability for political leadership." David Lawrence, in a Washington dispatch to the Baltimore *Evening Sun*, compares this address on "World Economic Planning" with William Jennings Bryan's famous "Cross of Gold" speech of 1896, but notes that the "emotional appeal" is missing.

The war-time Secretary of War, fears the Buffalo *Courier-Express* (Ind.), is "of such mental stature as to be outside the possibilities for a successful Presidential candidate."

"His mind ripens with the years. One of the indictments against representative government has long been that it does not make sufficient use of the fruits of such minds, but prefers the popular jargon of demagogs."

THE Washington *Evening Star* praises the "vision, patriotism, and sagacity" of Mr. Baker's Williamstown address, and adds: "those are qualities of which the nation has enduring need, and in this day more than ever." Similarly, the Brooklyn *Eagle* (Ind.) approves his "startling and constructive suggestion."

On the other hand, the New York *Herald Tribune* accuses the ex-Secretary of War as picturing world politics " as operating in a rarefied atmosphere where, through some miracle, human passions have suffered an air change."

"There are few enough concrete suggestions in Mr. Baker's speech. The most conspicuous one—for the scaling down of tariffs by world-wide agreement—is about as impracticable as any proposal could well be.

"Only in one respect can we descry any descent by Mr. Baker from the stratosphere in which he feels at home. That is his silence concerning America's joining the League of Nations.

"If this silence represents a realization by Mr. Baker that the American people have finally decided against participation in the League, he can be forgiven much. He has at least one foot on terra firma, and may even become a serious contender for the Democratic Presidential nomination in 1932."

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Keystone

All Quiet on the Western Front

Here is a ruined cornfield of central South Dakota, as an army of invading grasshoppers pursues its relentless work of devastation.

When Grasshoppers Declare War

A BLACK CLOUD AT THE HORIZON of the deep blue sky. A faintly ominous sound.

That dark cloud sweeps on, approaches with the fury of a prairie fire; the sound becomes more terrifying. The cloud broadens and lowers; the steady hum becomes deafening. It changes into a heavy storm of black flakes, which suddenly become more defined in shape. Buzzing, shining wings, long bodies, legs.

Thus the grasshoppers—the historic scourge of the plains—invade the Northwest and Central States. They have been advancing their battle-front at the rate of fifty miles a day.

We boil down this description from an account published in the Des Moines *Tribune Capital*, which makes us realize that a grasshopper scourge can be more terrifying than anything of the same sort imagined by Arthur Machen, who once wrote a story of the insects declaring war on man.

How far worse is the dread reality is attested by the Houston *Post-Dispatch:*

"Seared, brown fields, cut clean of vegetation as if by a giant scythe, are left in the path of the destructive invaders.

"In a South Dakota field of 1,600 acres, entomologists reported that the vegetation left behind by the grasshoppers would not feed a single animal.

"Scores of farmers are wholly dependent on the sale of eggs and poultry. Their field crops have been destroyed.

"Advancing like a destructive army, the grasshoppers are advancing in battle lines from the Missouri River eastward.

"Entomologists are unable to say where the insects came from or where they will go.

"They seemed to materialize from thin air.

"The experts say that during similar infestations of the past they disappeared as mysteriously as they came."

To combat this grasshopper plague, the Federal Department of Agriculture is enlisting the cooperation of the Governors of Montana, South and North Dakota, Iowa, Nebraska, and Minnesota, says an Associated Press dispatch from Washington. About $15,000,000 from the "farm-rehabilitation fund" is available for loans in the present emergency. Thousands of square miles in these five States, the dispatch adds, have been devastated. "Need for money to combat them is said to be acute, especially if a similar outbreak next year is to be averted."

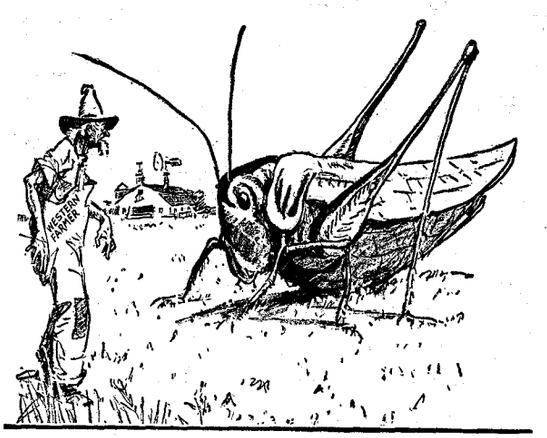
Dispatches from the afflicted States tell of plans to combat the insect enemies by aerial warfare, with airplanes spreading poisoned bran mash over cornfields.

The Minneapolis *Journal* estimates that 46,875 square miles in the five Northwestern States have been ravaged by the dark storm-clouds of hoppers. Dr. L. O. Howard, chief entomologist of the Department of Agriculture, is quoted by the Chicago *Daily News* to the effect that even in the average year the labor of 1,000,000 men is lost through insect pests, and that the money loss exceeds $2,000,000,000 annually. That loss, points out *The News*, is from four to five times as great as the annual fire loss in the United States.

Editors find no consolation in news that in Kenya Colony, East Africa, it took a whole day for a swarm of locusts—insects of the same family as the American grasshopper—to pass a given point, or that thousands of acres in Transjordania, north of Arabia, are likewise devastated. The Minneapolis *Star* analyzes the habits of this insect "No. 1 Public Enemy":

"Grasshoppers impose a terrific handicap on their human enemies by the ability of the female of the species to lay 600 to 800 eggs at a time, so that in one year's time one grasshopper may have from 150,000 to 400,000 descendants.

"Remembering this, one can readily understand the efforts of wheat- and corn-raisers to wipe out the 1931 population, even after crops have been destroyed by the pest."



The Last Straw

—Kirby in the New York "World-Telegram."

The present insects' war strikes not a few editors of philosophical turn of mind as emphasizing the precarious nature of man's supremacy in the struggle for existence. Thus the Minneapolis *Tribune* speculates:

"There is something a little ironical in the thought that science, which can transmit the photograph of a grasshopper by wireless across the Atlantic Ocean, and which could probably put a grasshopper's heart-beats on short wave-lengths and send them scorching around the world in split seconds, has not yet succeeded in putting a definite end to the ravages of this insect."

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TOPICS IN BRIEF

MANY a high hat covers a low brow.—*Pasadena Post.*

As a bridge player, Governor Murray seems too eager to make grand slams.—*Dallas News.*

THERE seems to be no change in humans, says a magazine article. Or on them.—*Thomaston (Ga.) Times.*

THERE seems to be some difference of opinion as to the wages of sin, but Uncle Sam will insist that sinners pay the income tax on them.—*San Diego Union.*

A WRITER says that only those who have suffered can write modern fiction. If so, any one who has read modern fiction should be able to write it.—*Thomaston (Ga.) Times.*

AND as we understand it, the railroads want a 15 per cent. rate advance to help them get back the business they lost because their rates were too high.—*Judge.*

DEBTS make wars and wars make debts—and there you are. —*Boston Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

"ONE Dollar Goes Farther Now." So much farther that a chap seldom gets it back.—*Weston (Ore.) Leader.*

ANYWAY, the depression solved the problem of what to do with old razor blades. We now shave with them.—*Thomaston (Ga.) Times.*

AND perhaps a moratorium on transoceanic flights would give thousands of Americans a chance to get off reception committees and go back to work.—*San Diego Union.*

NEBRASKA reports that grasshoppers ate the hardwood tongue out of a farmer's wagon. Wouldn't it be cheaper to offer them some of the new wheat? —*Dallas Journal.*

INDIA will present England a bill for $6,327,000,000 for services rendered dating clear back to Queen Elizabeth's time. There was a debt holiday worth going on.—*The New Yorker.*

AT a gymnastic display in London a boy scout threw thirty somersaults in fifty-three seconds. There should now be no need for him to do another good turn for a month.—*Punch.*

UNCLE SAM can scarcely avoid taking an interest in Europe, altho for a while he will be taking none out.—*Weston (Ore.) Leader.*

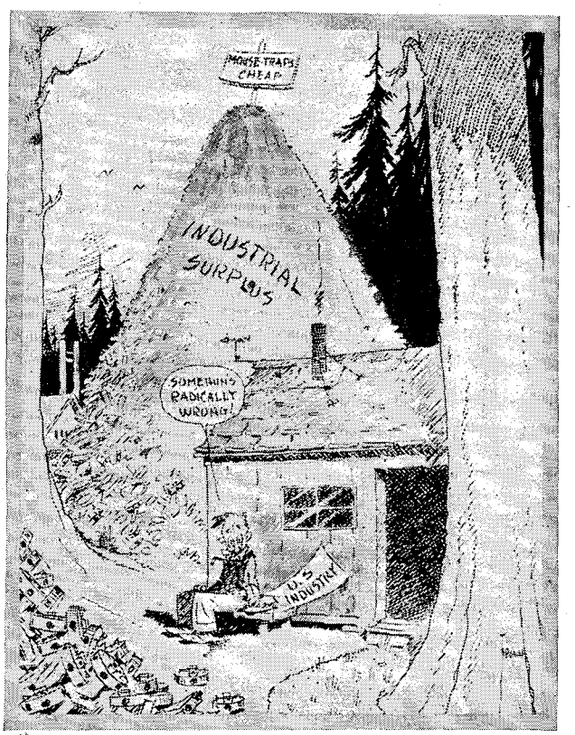
IT is regrettable, says a lecturer, that there is no adequate test for love at first sight. Yeah? How about marriage?— *Arkansas Gazette.*

A RETURNING tourist tells of seeing in Europe a bed 20 feet long and 10 feet wide. Sounds like a lot of bunk.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman.*

AFTER reading about that test of radio-controlled destroyers a lot of parents will be wanting to buy some of that equipment for their kids.—*San Diego Union.*

AN economist says that American business is solidly resting on a bedrock foundation. Not only resting, brother, but evidently sound asleep on this bed-rock.—*Thomaston (Ga.) Times.*

THEY'VE raided a $2,000,000 brewery in New York, which proves, of course, that Prohibition doesn't prohibit. And if they hadn't raided it, 'twould prove the same thing, y'understand.—*Dallas News.*



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The Man Who Made the Best Mouse-Trap

—Brown in the New York "Herald Tribune."

THE oil drillers wouldn't let well enough alone.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

ONE reason the enforcement people call it an alcohol ring is that there seems to be no end to it.—*Dallas News.*

WILL HAYS says that depression is like the battle of Bull Run. Yes, with the bulls still running.—*Thomaston (Ga.) Times.*

DISPUTANT Powers have evidently been imprest by the lesson that it costs more to go to the mat than to the diplomat.— *Weston (Ore.) Leader.*

VICTORS and vanquished are realizing by this time that nations can't get ahead of each other by trying to get even with each other.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

OUR prediction is that the depression will be over long before any two experts agree as to what caused it.—*Judge.*

ONE memory European nations usually keep green is where they last buried the hatchet.— *Arkansas Gazette.*

PEACE and security must be maintained in Europe, with Uncle Sam holding so much of the security.—*Weston (Ore.) Leader.*

AND education might put an end to bootlegging if the general public could be educated to a taste for good liquor. — *San Diego Union.*

INCREASINGLY frequent movements for a federated church would indicate that religion is losing its sects appeal.—*Thomaston (Ga.) Times.*

"A COLLEGE professor says a mosquito can fly fourteen hours without settling."—But it generally stops to put in its own bill.—*Weston (Ore.) Leader.*

UNITED STATES moves to check drinking of antifreeze solutions, says a news item. To say the least, it certainly has been entirely unnecessary during recent weeks.—*Thomaston (Ga.) Times.*

WE are glad to read that the stock market is developing a firmer tone. Now if we can only get the tone back to the right key.—*San Diego Union.*

IT is understood that the aviation companies are trying to suppress the report issued by a statistician that flying is as safe as walking.—*Thomaston (Ga.) Times.*

SCIENTISTS will search for the missing link between man and beast in Borneo. Of more value now would be discovery of the missing link between depression and prosperity.—*Wichita Eagle.*

THE rich, according to an economist, are even more worried by the depression than the poor. Some of them, we hear, don't even know where their next yacht is coming from.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

THE next time we lend Europe a few billions of dollars to finance a war we ought to be sure to ask whether they intend to ask us to cancel the debt when the war is over.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman.*

EVENTUALLY science may be in a position to forecast earthquakes in time to warn against the danger. But the public may still have to rely upon THE LITERARY DIGEST for advance knowledge of political upheavals.—*Toledo Blade.*

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FOREIGN COMMENT

Russia's Five-Year Plan as "Hope of the World"

"NOBODY CAN GO AND SEE what they are doing in Russia and wish the Five-Year Plan to fail."

Returned to England from his world-publicized visit to Soviet Russia, George Bernard Shaw made this solemn declaration in a speech at Welwyn, Hertfordshire, August 5, before the Independent Labor party summer school, and he added:

"The success of their plan is the hope of the world. Our plan is running to the edge of the abyss. Russia has succeeded in establishing and conducting industry successfully.

"They are working their machine with oil in the bearings. We are working with sand. We want a five-year plan for Britain very badly. They want a five-year plan for the United States."

ON his way home, pausing at Berlin, Mr. Shaw told Associated Press correspondents that what he saw on his brief tour of Russia convinced him that "capitalism is doomed." The reply to this pronouncement is found in an editorial of the London *Morning Post* and cabled to THE LITERARY DIGEST:

"If 'capitalism is doomed,' as Shaw concludes, Bolshevism will have to provide a richer and more varied menu than black bread and cabbage soup.

"No, if Bolshevism means black bread and cabbage soup while capitalism means beer, there need be no undue anxiety in this country as to the issue of content. Indeed, only one ground for anxiety can exist.

"It is lest Bernard Shaw should be so enamored of conditions in Soviet Russia as to be moved to go and live there.

"That would be an irreparable loss to all of us here. And would Stalin himself regard it as an unqualified gain? Shaw would be more difficult to suppress than was Trotzky."

Other London newspapers, DIGEST cable advices point out, do not seem deeply imprest by Mr. Shaw's reactions to his Soviet adventure, and confine themselves to general comment on the visit of himself and his party. Typical Shavianisms on the journey also reported in European cables are:

"'Food was good, and there was plenty of it,' the seventy-five-year-old vegetarian is quoted as saying. 'The black bread and cabbage agreed splendidly with me.'

"She is training her own men now, Shaw explained, as he averred that before long Russia will get on her own feet and 'will be entirely independent of foreign help from such persons as architects and engineers.'"

AS to being treated well in Russia, Mr. Shaw said: "We were treated like kings, and the food we had was very good." Of the cost of living, he averred: "Well, it's like everywhere else. You can live expensively in Russia, if you want to, but you can also live quite cheaply."

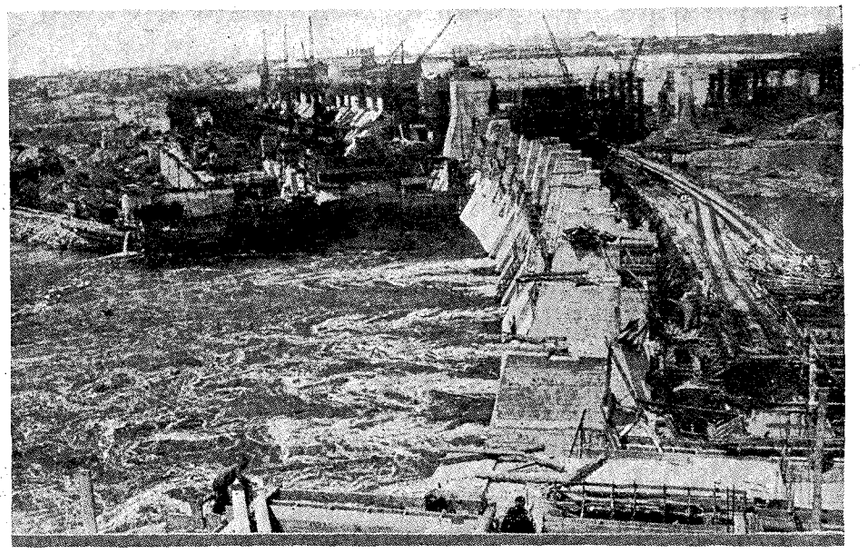
If Shaw himself were making a retort to the foregoing, remarks one commentator, he would very likely ask: "What would one do in Russia if one had no money to live either 'expensively or quite cheaply'?"

But supposing the Soviet Five-Year Plan does succeed, ask other visitors from Britain to Russia, will it mean the destruction of Russia or of the other nations of the world?

This question disquiets many non-Bolshevik onlookers at Russia's industrial army of men, women, and children on the march in the third and decisive year of the Five-Year Plan.

"The Five-Year Plan must be realized in four!" was the slogan when Russia, with brass-band accompaniment, launched the latest Soviet loan of $800,000,000 to speed up the nation's endeavors.

MEANWHILE a member of the British Parliament, Frank Owen (Lib.), tells us that when he was lately in Moscow he learned that 160,000,000 people, from the Europeanized proletarian of the towns to the dark mountaineer of the Caucasus, the great Cossack of the Don, the yellow Khirgiz of the Steppe, the furry dweller in the Arctic Circle, are "living upon iron rations."



From the London weekly *Graphic*

The Industrial Pivot of the Five-Year Plan

Russia will build forty-two regional electric power stations. Seen above is the largest—of 810,000 horse-power capacity—which is on the Dnieper at Dnieprostroy, and will be surrounded by iron and aluminum factories, chemical works, shipyards, and so on.

Mr. Owen claims to have spent a month on the "industrial front" watching the troops in the line, and he is certain that they will realize the ink figures of the Five-Year Plan in steel and stone. But, he asks, in the London weekly *Graphic*, will its success destroy the outside world or themselves? We read then:

"Every ounce of produce that can be scraped from the bare necessaries of life is sent abroad to pay for the only goods they import—machines for Soviet factories and farms, lathes, engines, furnaces, cranes, tractors, combines, that will make them able to carry on if the threatened boycott is imposed.

"They know that many people in Europe and America blame them for 'dumping' raw materials, and hold them responsible for the break in world prices.

"But the fact is that the slump has hit them harder than any other great nation in the world, and for the reason that every farmer knows only too well, that the fall in the price of manufactures (which they import) has lagged behind the fall in the price of raw material (which they export).

"For the sake of satisfying their own fears, of maintaining their credit with their own people, they must get through with the plan.

"But the strain that they have placed upon the country is terrific, too terrific to be borne for long.

"Hence their attempts to speed up the program to achieve the 'Five-Year Plan in Four.' It means a fresh burden, and that is the great gamble that is going on in Russia now—can they get through in time? Will the human camel stand this one more straw?"

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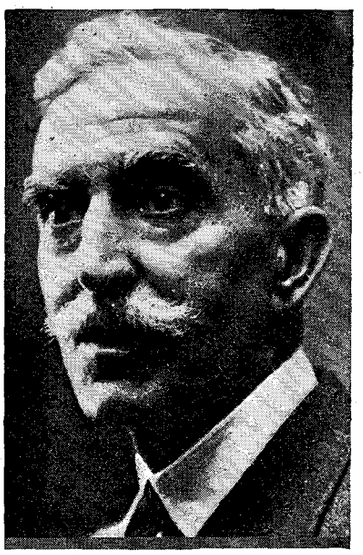
Catalonia Set for Self-Rule

THE PEOPLE OF 12,000 SQUARE MILES in the ancient Province of Catalonia, Spain, have put the seal on all their talk about self-government within the Spanish Republic by a plebiscite overwhelming in its support of a "draft statute" providing for the autonomy of a semi-independent State.

In this northeast corner of Spain the Separatists are led by Col. Francisco Macia, who stept from exile into the Presidency of the Catalonian Government after the fall of the Spanish monarchy.

Spurred by the vote of practically 70 to 1 given his "draft statute," relate Barcelona United Press dispatches, Colonel Macia promised that he would lend every possible aid to other states desiring semi-independent government under the egis of the Spanish Republic. The Basque provinces and the Province of Galicia are named as the outstanding ones expected to join Catalonia in demanding autonomy. Believing in a strong centralized régime, the Madrid Government has opposed the federation plan.



Acme-P. & A. photograph

Formerly an Exile

Col. Francisco Macia stept into the Presidency of the Catalonian Government after the Spanish monarchy fell, and leads a movement for a federated system of government in Spain.

In a poll by cable of the Barcelona and Madrid press taken for THE LITERARY DIGEST, we find the Madrid *Crisol* (Rep.) declaring that "the original sin of the statute is that it provides for a purely political organization instead of setting forth a determined social policy." Nevertheless, this daily continues, the statute finds itself at Madrid backed by Catalan voters, and "soon the voters of Catalonia will have a demonstration that an ample spirit of cordiality exists in the Cortes." Says the Liberal Madrid *Debate:*

"Above everything else Spain's supreme interests must be defended. It is necessary by all means to save the national unity and the totality of the sovereign functions which correspond to the central power. The Cabinet, a prisoner of promises made when it was a revolutionary committee, is determined to approve the statute altho knowing the gravity of such a move."

IN Barcelona the independent conservative *Noticiero Universal* observes:

"The statute accepted so unanimously by our people will be approved by the Cortes because it has behind it the force of citizenry who went to the polls possest with noble patriotic sentiments and sincere cordiality toward all brothers of other lands of Spain."

An organ of the Regional League, the Barcelona *Veu de Catalunya*, is convinced—

"The Cortes can not deny cooperation to a people who desire to imbue their internal life with full liberty. Besides, the Cortes, which must completely organize a new Spain, can not refuse cooperation with any fraternal solidarity which the people of Catalonia offer.

"Any other attitude in Barcelona or Madrid would be imprudent. The elections of April 12 constituted a plebiscite in favor of a republic, the elections of June 28 represented the ratification of the vote of confidence by the electorate to the Republican Left.

"The referendum of August 2 signified a double demonstration of faith—in the vitality and liberty of Catalonia, in the future and greatness of Spain."

Catalonia's readiness to help other sections of Spain toward the acquisition of self-rule, some press correspondents hint, is not entirely disinterested. It will help Catalonia not a little in her demands, they say, to have followers of similar mind at her back.

India's Miraculous "Mutti"

THE STRANGE WORD "MUTTI" may or may not have evaded the cross-word puzzlers until now, yet it means much to India, for it is described as "one of that elemental trinity by which the poor Indian lives—the cow, the river, and the mutti."

Mutti, the precious silt of India, is the ground under the Indian's feet, which he scrapes up and mixes with water. With mutti, a correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian* writes—

"He builds his tiny house and yard, the wall round it, and the manger for his cow and calf, the pots for his water and grain, the stools and the bedsteads (banks of earth), his tobacco pipe, dolls for the children, the fireplace for his charcoal fire, his armchair, the niche in the wall for the miniature shrine to his special divinity—in short, everything that the builder, the plumber, the carpenter, the upholsterer, and all the other -ers are wont to do for us.

"It makes life very simple in many ways, reduces it to a simplicity that the Westerner finds it hard to understand, and often quite needlessly commiserates as, hoaxed with his many inventions, he forgets that happiness and simplicity may be good bedfellows.

"Thus the Indian can live contentedly and even happily on what nature finds for him. In his climate he needs little in the way of artificial heat or heavy clothing, and this God-given mutti, whereof his very earth is compact, settles for him nearly all his household bills."

IN truth, there is very little you can not do with mutti, except eat it, adds this informant, who confides to us also that there are some tribes that do eat it, but "it must be admitted that it is not good for them."

The great mountains have made India, and not only made it, but like a thoughtful benefactor, have endowed it as well, and it is pointed out:

"It is they who have bestowed of their own substance, in yearly tributes going on for countless centuries, to fill in the hollow cradles left between the age-old rocks that still, down in the peninsula, stand out as the lesser mountain chains.

"Year by year the melting snows that lie eternal on the immortal bosom of the Himalayas pour down their largess of rich waters to the plains, and in the eons come and gone, eons that are but as the Ephemeridæ that dance above the trout stream, they have laid down that mighty deposit of silt that constitutes the plains of Bengal, the United Provinces, and the Punjab—all the part of India that we, with our railways and roads and canals, have made British India, whereon dwell, like ants on a lawn, the countless myriads of the Indian race."

Strangely enough, this correspondent of *The Guardian* informs us, one seldom if ever hears the word "mutti" mentioned in India. This despite the fact that, as he puts it, "mutti" is the "all in all" of the impoverished Indian.

Whether the very plenteousness of "mutti" is responsible for this lack of notice given to so precious a product, we are not told, but it is pointed out with interest that:

"There are hundreds of feet of it in depth; it is this that enables crops to be grown on the same land year after year, century after century, without an ounce of manure; this that stores up the rain like a vast sponge and doles it out to the searching roots of the corn all through the months of drought.

"There are hundreds of feet of it, and never a stone to be found.

"On the surface of the plain it lies white and powdery as the finest flour of fullers' earth—which, indeed, it is in all but name. So fine and light is it that it powders your face to the very eyebrows."

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Lord Kylsant's Conviction

SENTENCED TO PRISON for one year on the charge that he permitted publication of a false prospectus by the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, of which he is the head, Lord Kylsant's conviction is compared to the fall of "one of the central pillars" of London's financial structure.

At the peak of his power, correspondents recall, "the Napoleon of the seas" was considered one of the richest men in Britain. When he became head of the Royal Mail Company he consolidated the line with other companies, capitalized at $400,000,000. At that time, we learn from the press, he was just forty years old.

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"Napoleon of the Seas"

Lord Kylsant, who has controlled the world's largest fleet of ships, was sentenced to prison for permitting publication of a false prospectus.

Six feet, seven inches in height, this tall, distinguished figure has for many years been recognized in the City not only for his power but also for his careful grooming and his impeccably polished silk hat. He is well known in the United States, it appears, where he has visited many times.

Now, at sixty-eight, this man who traces his ancestry back to Vortigern, the King of the Britons when the Saxons invaded Albion, and has controlled the world's largest fleet of ships, is sentenced to the Second Division in jail, which means that he will be confined as an ordinary prisoner with light labor, such as clerical work. Unlike those condemned to heavy labor, we read, he will be allowed to receive newspapers, letters, and occasional visitors.

LORD KYLSANT'S counsel, Sir John Simon, a very famous British lawyer and a Liberal party leader, immediately gave notice of appeal. The prisoner was released in $50,000 bail while the appeal is being prepared. It will be heard in October.

On trial with Lord Kylsant, as having "alleged, aided, and abetted him," was Mr. H. J. Morland, auditor of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company. Mr. Morland was acquitted, and press cables tell us that he was jubilant over his fate and was almost mobbed by accountants, who regarded his acquittal as a vindication of their profession.

Of particular interest to London editors, we note in their cabled editorials to THE LITERARY DIGEST, is the very point of the vindication of auditors said to have been achieved by the trial. Says the London *Times:*

"If there can be degrees of gravity in the charges brought by the King against two men in a case of pivotal value to the commercial life of the country, then the charge against Morland is graver from a point of public importance.

"A calamity was averted in the best possible way by the verdict which the evidence plainly required.

"The jury was left not the least task to determine precisely where persistence in an error of judgment became a deliberate intention to defraud.

"The City is likely to support the justice and right of the decision in this case, which ventilated matters of the highest importance in company finance. It is not law, but every-day practise which the Kylsant case should help."

THE real importance of the trial, thinks the London *Financial News*, lies in its influence "to hasten a reform of abuses with which our company finance is honeycombed." It proceeds to relate that the judge drew attention to provisions of the New Companies Act, but observes it is desirable "either by legal enactment or judicial rulings that greater precision should be given to the term 'profit-and-loss account' employed in the Act."

The Liberal *News-Chronicle* hopes the case will have the salutary effect of modifying City practise with regard to the publication of balance-sheets, and it goes on:

"It is widely felt that matters have been growing worse instead of better, and public opinion favors a change. Mr. Justice Wright, in summarizing, observed that for seven years in the case before him, the shareholders of the company were presented with balance-sheets and profit-and-loss accounts which 'did not disclose one way or another whether the company was earning a profit.'"

The ultra-Conservative London *Morning Post* avers that the trial could not have been fairer, and it adds:

"In a model of cogent lucidity, Wright swept away all important irrelevancies with which the case had surrounded itself. In the end we believe the proper interests of investors and shareholders will be advanced, and the Kylsant trial will prove not to have been a vain sensation."

The Daily Herald, the Laborite newspaper, spoken of as the semiofficial organ of the Labor Government, observes:

"The case has brought to notice the existence of adjustment of company accounts so as to conceal from all but a tiny group of officials and directors the true condition of a concern. The judge's emphatic condemnation of this practise as unfair to shareholders for whom the directors are merely 'agents and trustees' must be heeded."

"The Hell of Noise" in Japan

EARS of sympathy are turning from the West toward the Far East as the Japanese complain of the transformation of their cities into "a virtual hell of noise," because there are no regulations to prevent it.

What is more, they think the people of other countries are much better protected than they against ear-splitting cacophony whether from streets or factories. No matter whether it is early in the morning or late at night, remarks the Osaka *Mainichi*, taxicab drivers "continue to klaxon." Next to the automobiles the greatest nuisance, this daily thinks, is "the racket produced by the operation of machines and factories."

In Japanese cities, it is further pointed out, there is no definite distinction between business quarters and residential districts, and the *Mainichi* proceeds:

"With the exception of modern office buildings, most business houses serve the double purposes of trading and living. This makes the irritation of the noise on the streets and in the factories and shops all the more unbearable to the people. They are living, so to say, in the midst of the noise.

"Now, the ear is an organ which is not arranged to exercise self-protection against undesired stimulus.

"We can shut our eyes, close our mouths, or withdraw our hands, when we do not wish to see, or taste, or touch anything.

"We can not help but hear noise when it is raised around us, however. It is strange that not the least efforts are made in order to protect our defenseless organ."

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Shaw the Socialist—Real or Humbug?

HIS BRIGHT BLUE eyes glittered with malicious enjoyment.

George Bernard Shaw was spending his seventy-fifth birthday in Russia.

Walter Duranty, Moscow correspondent of the New York *Times*, cables that "the stupendous upset here of all that the rest of the world admires and the fierce heat of the new creation that is Russia to-day warms his chill heart to chuckling remarks."

Despite his "red-hot" speech in the Hall of Columns, where the treason trials are held, Bernard Shaw seemed to Mr. Duranty "fundamentally and utterly cynical, but . . . saved from sourness and a crabbed old age by his absorbing interest in life and human ways, at which he gibes."

Like the last act in a paradoxical comedy of his own making is that "Russian" birthday of Mr. Shaw's. So it appears to a number of editors, British and American.

"Kootchy-Kootchy!"

—Rose in the Boston "Herald."

"Shaw visits his Utopia." So exclaims the Syracuse *Herald*, and "the elements of Shavian comedy are all here!"

The distinguished apostle of restricted revolution is brought face to face with the fruits of his own theories—that "bumper" harvest of the seeds of Socialism Shaw has sown these forty years or more in pamphlet and play. "I was a Marxist before Lenin was born," he boasted. Nor do our editors neglect the ironic paradox of the appeal cabled to Shaw and the Virginia-born Lady Astor by A. P. Krynine, a Russian professor at Yale, to help rescue his wife from the Bolshevistic Utopia Limited—"and how!" as the New York *Evening Post* laconically interjects.

While Mr. Shaw naps that Sunday afternoon at the Moscow race-track, and Lady Astor, as the Associated Press cables to the curious world, is brushing Bolshevik flies away from Mr. Shaw's wind-blown but well-groomed whiskers, the English-speaking world is celebrating Mr. Shaw's birthday vicariously by reading handsome eulogies published in the Sunday newspapers. In addition to editorial comment, we find G. K. Chesterton assaying Bernard Shaw in the New York *Times* Magazine, Cecil Roberts paying a graceful tribute in the New York *Herald Tribune* Magazine, and Walter Prichard Eaton estimating his rôle as a major dramatist in the book review of the latter newspaper.

Mr. Chesterton admires the achievement of Shaw; but he believes he has also discovered a fatal flaw. Here is the strength:

"When we use the conventional phrase of writing or celebrating in his honor, the first fact to emphasize is that we are honoring something that is really honorable—a very rare celebration indeed.

"His intellectual honor is as solid as it is splendid. He would loathe chivalric allusions to the stainless sword or the unspotted shield, and I therefore introduce them with all the malice of truth.

"He has written much that I think is nonsense, and much that he knew was nonsense; but he has never dodged responsibility; he has never hedged; he has never intrigued; he has never revenged attack; he has never quibbled to gain support; he has never been professionally jealous or practically vindictive.

"Through a long and combative life he has maintained magnanimity. He has been consistent as no statesman is consistent; convinced as merely solemn people are never convinced, a Socialist more individualist than all the herds of individualism; a demagog who insults his mob; a Puritan always puzzling to his court of Bohemians; a man always ready to get into hot water, especially by throwing cold water. But certainly a great man; and, what is much more important, a man of honor."

BUT, pursues this champion of the old-fashioned Christian virtues, when Shaw lost his Calvinism, "he could not see the meaning of all that old idea of modesty or humility which had once been a part of manners as of morals. He could not see why a man should not blow his own trumpet or pay graceful public compliments to himself." For instance:

"This is illustrated in the way in which Shaw from the first adopted his cheery habit of bragging.

"True, he showed his serious sincerity by bragging of bragging.

"Even when he was merely an obscure musical critic his contributions to music often consisted of blowing his own trumpet, the one form of private property in which a Socialist can freely indulge.

"When he became a dramatic critic he made quite as little secret of his readiness to play the lion, too, and to roar applause of his own roaring. It was, of course, partly a joke, but it was a joke he was prepared to justify in all seriousness.

"Now, for my part, I prefer the joke to the justification.

"I have a very great admiration and even affection for Bernard Shaw; but I have no great admiration for his admiration of Bernard Shaw.

"I know it was largely a lark, but there was a notion in it which was not merely nonsensical, but rose to the dignity of being false. Even when it is not amusing, it is still interesting, for it illustrates this break with the broad historic traditions; this quality of the cleverest men of that age of being, as it were, the orphans of civilization."

WRITING in the New York *Herald Tribune* Magazine, Cecil Roberts discloses certain obscure details of Shaw's early life:

"Physically he is the finest specimen of our race, a standing testimony to the triumph of Irish stock over the rains, the fogs, and the unheated bedrooms of London. He is a Londoner, of course, since that far-off day when at twenty, with no means and no education, he threw himself upon London.

"He had behind him one inexhaustible source of strength, so often the resource of our greatest men—a mother of infinite faith. She came to London too, a teacher of singing, and for many years she stood between the young Shaw and starvation.

"'I did not throw myself into the struggle for life; I threw my mother into it. I was not a staff to my father's old age; I hung on his coat-tails.'

"Shaw left school at fourteen, worked in a Dublin office for six years, and on coming to London for ten years he experienced a period of complete failure.

"Supported by his mother, from a point of view of the necessities of life, his affairs seemed desperate. Editors and publishers would not look at his work. He was told that he had mistaken his vocation. It was the old, old story.

"'His perseverance in the face of the straitened resources of

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his family had all the air of infatuated and heartless selfishness,' said Mr. Holbrook Jackson, one of his early champions.

"Yet he contrived to live as a young man of means, largely owing to his gifts as a pianist. He could read accompaniments at sight, and this gave him glimpses of society that he would not otherwise have gained."

THIRTY-SEVEN years have passed, Walter Prichard Eaton recalls, since one of Shaw's plays first saw the light in Herald Square, New York, when the late Richard Mansfield played in "Arms and the Man." Will his plays attain immortality—or even retain their popularity with the coming generation? Mr. Eaton evades a categorical reply:

"He has had no traffic with art for art's sake, which to him would be one of man's most self-deceptive slogans. And assuredly that has given to his art a contemporary liveliness and importance beyond that of any other living dramatist.

"What it will do to the life of his art in the future, only the future can tell.

"So far, it seems to be holding out better in the theater than that of any of his contemporaries except possibly Barrie and Chekhov."

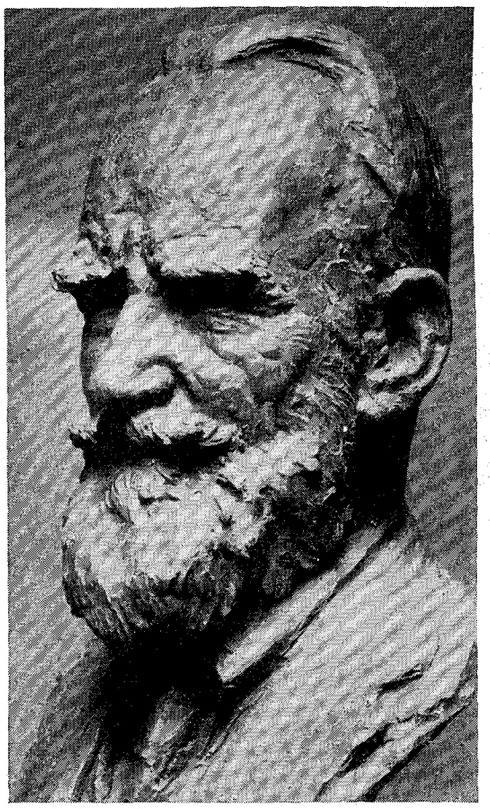
ON the whole, American editorial comment is not inclined to take Mr. Shaw seriously. He should be admired, thinks the Chicago *Tribune*, in his own vein:

"He and his life are as rosy as ever. He hasn't exhausted his vein, become outmoded, or lost his desire to take the world for a ride.

"What a man! He is as new as to-morrow's newspaper, a congenial companion, as he proved not long ago, for an aspiring young retired pugilist, a superman to put Ramsay MacDonald and other statesmen in their places at Chequers week-ends, and he can twiddle his fingers at time.

"He'll say it is vegetables, but if he had been a good steak-and-chop man all his life, he'd probably be a still less credible phenomenon. The real secret probably is that he is an Irishman in English politics. That would keep a talent alive and alert.

"He can't quit. There is too much to hoot at."



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Funny Man

To Rebecca West, Jo Davidson's bust of Shaw suggests "a Don Quixote with all the hard edges softened, melting into a funny man."

THE Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger* admits itself bored with "the one-man circus that George Bernard Shaw manages to be," taking his Russian paradoxes as a bid for publicity. "The most skilful press agent known to this or adjacent worlds," says the Philadelphia daily, "Mr. Shaw merely selected the easiest way to the front pages of the world." Others, including the Norfolk *Ledger-Dispatch* and the Wichita *Beacon*, think that Shaw's much-advertised faith in Socialism is to a great extent humbug. Says the Norfolk daily:

"George Bernard Shaw plays at being a Socialist—sometimes. But he never goes beyond talking or writing about it.

"When it comes to doing, G. B. S. is as much a capitalist as was the late Judge Gary or the very much living Mr. Schwab. The steel men managed the great industries with which they were connected without the slightest tinge of Socialism in any of their actions or decisions; Mr. Shaw manages the product of his brain, capitalizing his craftsmanship and his art, with the same sort of shrewdness that marked the course of the steel magnates.

"G. B. S. is a great artist, a towering intellect, a master craftsman. But he also drives a hard bargain.

"He is a keen and somewhat avid business man. He sees to it that his books and his plays bring in to him—not to the proletariat, but to him—all that good advertising and good showmanship can make them produce.

"If Bernard Shaw is a Socialist, so is Andrew W. Mellon. Only Mr. Mellon doesn't say he is."

NEVERTHELESS, confesses the Wichita *Beacon*, we love him despite his limitations:

"Shaw is moderate in all things except in thought and speech. He pretends to be a Socialist, but capital never has sought to suppress him, accepting his shafts amusedly.

"He is a great, refreshing soul, a needed tonic to a world mentally dry and parched.

"The world of letters and those who read the printed word in civilized lands wish him well and many happy returns as he discourses with Stalin, contemplates Lenin's impassive mask in the Kremlin, and exchanges repartee with his boon capitalistic companions on a journey into Communistic realms."

Japan Goes in for Our Popular Songs

JAPAN NOT ONLY SINGS our popular songs, but keeps on singing them long after they are dead and buried in the United States and Europe.

It comes as a distinct shock to learn—as we do in the columns of the American-owned *Japan Advertiser* of Tokyo—that Nippon responds heartily to the "University of Maine Stein Song" (originally a French song, if we may rely on Robert Benchley of *The New Yorker*), and delights in such Occidental sentimentalities as "Ramona" and "My Blue Heaven."

Just how very popular popular songs are in Japan is indicated by the matter-of-fact writer in *The Japan Advertiser*, who announces that the monthly sale of records in Japan is about 1,500,000. Composers, orchestrators, lyricists, and artists are under exclusive contracts to the various phonograph companies.

The Japanese revel in the foreign novelties which are adapted to their idiom. As the writer in *The Japan Advertiser* explains:

"The big hits in Japan in the past have been songs written in a mixture of foreign and Japanese musical styles, so that, while easy for the Japanese to sing, they have an element of imported novelty.

"The outstanding leader has been the '*Tokyo Koshinkyoku*,' or 'Tokyo March,' which has sold above 200,000. '*Kimi Koishii*' ('You Dear') has been another favorite, as has 'That's O. K.,' which not only has given the Japanese a new melody but a new word.

"Among imported songs which have enjoyed outstanding popularity in Japan (after translation into Japanese) during the past two or three years have been the 'University of Maine Stein Song,' the 'March of the Grenadiers' from 'The Love Parade,' '*Sous les Toits de Paris*,' 'Pagan Love Song,' '*Mon Paris*,' the 'Gay Caballero,' 'Tell Me,' 'Ramona,' and 'My Blue Heaven.'

"Perhaps the most popular of these has been 'Tell Me.' There are few café waitresses and geisha who can not sing the English as well as the Japanese words.

"Songs in the United States die quickly.

"In Japan, they live for months and years."

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An Old Master of "Nightmare" Humor

"I SELDOM READ WHILE SHAVING, but I confess that one morning I found myself trying to shave and to read one of these novels by F. Anstey at the same time."

So, in substance, writes Robert Lynd in the London *News Chronicle*, and that, he claims, is a real tribute to the comic genius of "F. Anstey," as Thomas Anstey Guthrie prefers to sign his work.

Last Saturday, August 8, "F. Anstey" celebrated his seventy-fifth birthday. An "omnibus" volume of his human novels and tales, just published in London, demonstrates for the literary critic of *The News Chronicle* that "true humor is imperishable." He believes that a generation brought up in ignorance of Anstey will revel in his fun no less than the oldsters.

"It has often been said that humor is the most perishable thing in literature.

"People go on saying this in spite of the manifest fact that the humor of Chaucer and Shakespeare has survived with as much freshness as any other element in their work.

"There are bad jokes in Shakespeare that no longer amuse us, and there are topical jokes which have ceased to be jokes because their point escapes us.

"But *Falstaff* and *Malvolio* can scarcely have amused Shakespeare's contemporaries more than they amuse us to-day. It is clear than humor lasts if it is good enough.

"The sense of humor varies, of course, from one human being to another, and one can never be sure that a book that has made one laugh will make everybody else laugh. It may even be that there are people with a sense of humor who could read 'Vice Versa' without laughing aloud, tho I confess I have never yet met one."

ALTHO certain Ansteyites prefer "The Tinted Venus" to "Vice Versa," continues Mr. Lynd, he is convinced that the latter book holds a place apart in the comic literature of the last century. No one who has read it can forget its central character, *Mr. Bultitude:*

"As soon as that unfortunate businessman, magically transformed into the image of his schoolboy son and packed off to school in his place, is seated in the railway train under the ferocious gaze of the headmaster, we begin to follow his fortunes, or rather his misfortunes, with a hilarious excitement that never ceases till close upon the end of the story.

"For it is one of the author's gifts to be able to grip our attention as triumphantly as any sensational novelist.

"Never was a human being more ingeniously subjected to prolonged and varied torments than this elderly man imprisoned in a schoolboy's body, and yet preserving his elderly soul and elderly speech.

"Don Quixote himself, another character noted for gravity of speech, was scarcely the victim of worse misunderstandings and buffetings.

"Yet on one point Mr. Anstey shows the growing humanity of the nineteenth century. He never allows *Mr. Bultitude* to be flogged. He always rescues him from the awful hands of *Dr. Grimstone* just in time."

"VICE VERSA" was published when its author, at the age of twenty-six, deserted law for a more venturesome career in letters. Later he became a contributor to *Punch*. His most successful play was "The Man from Blankley's," of which John Barrymore recently made a "talkie" version. He had a passion for the fantastic, explains Mr. Lynd, and "each of his stories has the comic horror of a remembered nightmare."

"One can imagine the hair-dresser in 'The Tinted Venus' enduring in a dream all those tribulations at the hands of the statue that came to life when he put his fiancée's ring on one of its fingers.

"Never before was a hair-dresser so pursued down the corridors of fear, as he fled, not only from the affections of the goddess, but from burglars and from policemen who suspected him of having stolen the statue.

"*Horace Ventimore*, the architect in 'The Brass Bottle,' needed only a nightmare in order to imagine all those alarming adventures that resulted from the Jinn's release from the Oriental curio. It would be more than an ordinary nightmare, however, that would enable a man to imagine a Jinn's transforming the father of the woman he loved into a mule—and the Professor makes a gloriously funny mule. F. Anstey has enlarged nightmare into a comic revelry.

"That, I think, is one of the most conspicuous characteristics of his genius. That his genius will delight the postwar world as much as it delighted the prewar world, I have little doubt."

Equally enthusiastic are the eulogies of Desmond MacCarthy, writing in the London *Sunday Times*, and the anonymous critic of the London *Morning Post*. Indeed, concludes the latter, "this humorist, like a vintage wine, seems to have improved by the efflux of time." Mr. MacCarthy is of the opinion that the genius of "F. Anstey" was limited by his immense popularity as a humorist:

"That Mr. Anstey might have been a far greater humorist if the public had not persuaded him that he was merely an *amuseur*, I do believe, but very few authors indeed have used to the full the best that is in them, and he has done so often enough to secure a place of honor among English humorists."

Is Hollywood Creating the Language of the Future?

IS HOLLYWOOD CREATING a new language? According to the prophecy of Herbert Marshall, London actor, the talkies are evolving a new form of English known as "Anglo-American."

English and American players, according to Mr. Marshall, are creating a new mode of English pronunciation acceptable to audiences in both countries, and in Australia as well. Americans, it seems, must get rid of the much-criticized nasal intonation, the British of their adenoidal effects. As quoted by Mr. Atkinson in the London *Daily Telegraph*, Herbert Marshall claims:

"Unless a common mode of speech can be standardized, they will have to make films in each language.

"This was actually done in the case of the new Maurice Chevalier film, 'The Smiling Lieutenant,' in which the word 'lieutenant' is pronounced 'leftenant' in the English version and 'lootenant' in the American version.

"The essential thing for the English to do is to standardize the 'a' sound. It is pronounced in 'Anglo-American' practically as it is pronounced in the north of England. Take the word 'Plaza,' which, in its correct Spanish form, has almost the sound of 'Platza.' Some Americans call it 'Plazza,' and others 'Plarza.' Most English people pronounce it 'Plahza.' The affected English say 'Plawza.' The ignorant say 'Playza.' There is also a Cockney variation with an 'ai' sound. The correct 'Anglo-American' pronunciation is between 'Plazza' and 'Plahza.'

"It is probable, on the whole, that 'Anglo-American' will be rather more 'Anglo' than 'American,' tho we shall have to adopt many of their words and forms of expression, as we are doing now, and they in turn will have to adopt more of our forms of courtesy."

WHO are the experts in this new synthetic speech? Herbert Marshall advances some illustrious examples:

"Ronald Colman is practically perfect in the new speech, tho Ronnie, in private life, has a trace of Scottish accent. Clive Brook is making great progress in it. H. B. Warner and Leslie Howard—who is a terrific American hit—are experts in the new vocal fashion, and I am beginning to think that I know something about it myself.

"The Hollywood English were the first to explore the possibilities of a new pronunciation, because it was found that 'standard' English was not congenial to the Middle West, and the American players followed suit when it was found that 'standard' American made north of England audiences restless.

"Ruth Chatterton's pronunciation is as English as makes no matter, and the voices of William Powell and Gilbert Emery could easily be mistaken for English."

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Ravel Defends His "Bolero"

"TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT."

Interviewed in London the other day, Maurice Ravel, who has been acclaimed as the foremost composer of France, sprang to the defense of his "Bolero" which, we read in the English press, "is creating a sensation such as no new work by a master composer has made within the memory of the present generation of concert-goers."

First heard in this country last year, when it was performed by both the Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra and the Boston Symphony, and later in the motion-picture palaces, the "Bolero" has now been rapidly popularized by phonograph records and radio renditions.

This composition, so M. D. Calvocoressi writes in the London *Daily Telegraph*, has roused heated discussion in London, where it has just been performed as a ballet by Mme. Ida Rubinstein and her troupe, with Mr. Ravel himself conducting.

Composers and professional musicians, it seems, decry this work which has burst through the walls of concert halls to popular acclaim. Therefore Mr. Calvocoressi sought out the composer, who is now fifty-six years old, but still preserves the wiry, incisive juvenility of the Basques of his native Pyrenees. As quoted in this London interview, Mr. Ravel speaks with characteristic independence of spirit. Of the "Bolero" he says:

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Popular in Spite of Himself

Maurice Ravel has always disdained the plaudits of the populace, says a London admirer, yet his "Bolero" has been played "by every band in existence."

"I am particularly desirous that there should be no misunderstanding about this work.

"It constitutes an experiment in a very special and limited direction, and should not be suspected of aiming at achieving anything different from, or anything more than, it actually does achieve.

"Before its first performance I issued a warning to the effect that what I had written was a piece lasting seventeen minutes and consisting wholly of 'orchestral tissue without music'—of one long, very gradual crescendo. There are no contrasts, and there is practically no invention except the plan and the manner of the execution.

"The themes are altogether impersonal—folk tunes of the usual Spanish-Arabian kind. And (whatever may have been said to the contrary) the orchestral writing is simple and straightforward throughout, without the slightest attempt at virtuosity. In this respect no greater contrast could be imagined than that between the 'Bolero' and 'L'Enfant et les Sortilèges,' in which I freely resort to all manners of orchestral virtuosity.

"It is perhaps because of these peculiarities that no single composer likes the 'Bolero'—and from their point of view they are quite right. I have carried out exactly what I intended, and it is for listeners to take it or leave it."

IN place of the castanets customarily used in a *bolero*, Mr. Ravel, we are informed, utilizes kettle-drums in his score in the progression toward his "colossal frenzied climax." The popularity of the piece is extraordinary in view of the fact that Ravel "typifies the modern sophisticate in music," as a writer in *Masterworks* (Columbia Records) points out:

"Maurice Ravel was born on March 7, 1875, in Ciboure, Pyrenees, France, the lovely mountain section just over the border from the country of the Basques, that mysterious race inhabiting the northwestern corner of Spain. Brought early to Paris, he received most of his education in the capital.

"With unlimited melodic inspiration his strong natural impulse toward the ironic has so modified the uses of melody as to produce works which, however they may be caviar to the general, are the source of keen delight to the initiate.

"Of later development than Debussy (who was thirteen years his senior) Ravel is evidently of more practical turn of mind, and has ever avoided the extremes of impressionism in which the disciples of the former have so often come to grief, not realizing perhaps that a great master such as Debussy may successfully scale heights to which lesser souls aspire in vain."

MR. RAVEL told Mr. Calvocoressi that he has just finished a concerto for the left-handed pianist, Paul Wittgenstein. This unique composition relies upon certain idioms of jazz, which the French composer studied during a tour of this country in 1928, when he appeared both as conductor and pianist. He is quoted in the London *Daily Telegraph:*

"The concerto for the left hand is in one movement, and very different.

"It contains a good many jazz effects, and the writing is not so light.

"In a work of this kind it is essential to give the impression of a texture no thinner than that of a part written for both hands. For the same reason I resorted to a style which is much nearer to that of the more solemn kind of traditional concerto.

"A special feature is that after a first part in this traditional style, a sudden change occurs and the jazz music begins. Only later does it become evident that this jazz music is really built on the same theme as the opening part."

The Cover

WHAT wild flowers bloom in August?

None, the cynical city-dweller is tempted to reply. But the artist whose painting we reproduce this week has discovered many in the hidden byways of Ohio.

The lady who signs her paintings L. A. Crow was born in Ohio, and has made a long study of the flowers and landscape in and about Cincinnati and Columbus.

Concerning the wild flowers which bloom in August, and which she depicts with such affection on our cover, the artist addressing especially the motorist, writes:

"Do not speed over paved, main roads, but search for the unfrequented byways, along shady lanes and see the wonderful beauty of the wild flowers that grow by the side of a dirt road, and seem to thrive on the scarcity of rain, under the blistering heat of a July and August sun.

"There are fields of blue flowers that look like the sea; great masses of delicate Queen Anne's Lace, and wild asters of all colors; yellow buttercups and modest field daisies, which are being rapidly replaced by the bold, black-eyed Susans looking so charming by the side of the purple ironweed; large clusters of goldenrod already showing touches of gold; and among the cool green of the sumach are splashes of most brilliant red and yellow, the despair of the artist who searches in vain among his paints for colors with which to reproduce on canvas the marvelous hues of nature."

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A Mighty Army of Youth

A LITTLE OLD WOMAN, drest in black, stept slowly from a train in San Francisco, and 4,000 "flaming youth" paid her tribute.

Fifty years before she and her husband had gathered a few young people in their home and pledged them to a program of principles and discipline. In four years that group had expanded until it embraced membership in every country where the Church of Christ is established.

To-day the International Christian Endeavor Society numbers 4,000,000 members in more than 80,000 local units in 126 nations, dominions, States, and island groups—an army of righteousness too often overlooked by the critics of the younger generation.

So it was that 4,000 representatives of a thousand times that number did honor to Mrs. Harriet A. Clark—Mother Clark—whose husband, the Rev. Francis E. Clark, founded the society in his unpretentious parsonage at Portland, Maine.

How well he builded is testified by President Hoover. The society, said President Hoover in a greeting broadcast from the White House, is "a mighty force for sobriety, righteousness, and respect for law and order, patriotism, and spiritual development in every nation." The best index to its purposes and values, he went on, "are the principles it stands for. Its loyalties and ideals make for good citizenship, for character, and religious faith. It recognizes that national independence and international understanding are not incompatible. It stands for international good-will and world peace." The President concluded: "A better world is the mission of youth, and it is your mission."

Wide World photograph

"Mother" of an Army

Mrs. Francis E. Clark, who, with her husband, founded the International Christian Endeavor Society fifty years ago, reviewing a parade of the society in San Francisco. With her is Dr. Daniel A. Poling, who was reelected president of the society.

THE President's words rang out clearly in the auditorium in San Francisco, and when the announcer gave the sign-off to the broadcast, the audience rose and with no humorous intent sang "Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow."

It is, perhaps, a remarkable tribute to the society that, according to a statement by the Rev. A. Barron, chairman of the convention publication committee, the newspapers of the country devoted more space to the Christian Endeavor Golden Jubilee convention than to "the Fourth of July orgy at Reno." Mr. Barron's explanation of this, we read in the San Francisco *Chronicle*, is that the papers are more interested in printing news of Christian accomplishment than of the more spectacular doings "of the forces of evil."

For a week the convention held the key to the city by the Golden Gate. The city turned out for them when they paraded up Market Street, singing old familiar hymns, and then, with their elders—10,000 all together—massed in front of the City Hall.

In his key-note address, Dr. Daniel A. Poling, international president, to which position he was reelected, proposed a two-year plan of evangelism among the young people to solve the modern problems of citizenship, law observance, world peace, and Christian church unity.

"We propose," said Dr. Poling, as he is quoted in *The Chronicle*, "a 50 per cent. increase in the membership of young people's classes studying the life of Jesus Christ, and a 50 per cent. increase in the number of members of our devotional fellowship, the Comrades of the Quiet Hour." He emphasized that—

"Christian Endeavor is a demonstration of unity in action, of cooperative enterprise well done, of united ministries both at home and abroad.

"The present crisis in religion demands that we achieve united action. Our schisms have become a sin.

"We must trust faith rather than fear, and obey God rather than men, or lose the war to win the world to Christ. Christian Endeavor, in her fiftieth anniversary convention, offers her resources of youth and spirit, offers herself, to help bring to pass church unity."

PRESIDENT POLING called upon the youth of all churches to lead in the education and enlistment of friends of Prohibition, in supporting the Eighteenth Amendment, and in establishing liberty with law. In an appeal for world peace he urged that the United States Government "take leadership with a definite program for the reduction of armaments."

The high lights of the convention, as summarized for *The Chronicle* by Fred D. Parr, associate chairman, are the signing by all the delegates of a disarmament petition addrest to President Hoover, support of President Hoover's moratorium plan, the affirmation of confidence in Prohibition, clarifying discussions of Protestant Church unification, and a demonstration of youth movement in Christianity. In its resolution on Prohibition the convention committed itself to free the nation from "the curse of intoxicating liquor, if it takes fifty years."

As this was a convention of young people, it is interesting to note what Mrs. Clark thinks of the youth of to-day. For more than fifty years she has seen one generation follow another into maturity—and now she is eighty-four.

"Youth is the same at heart to-day as it was fifty years ago," she says, as Zilfa Estcourt quotes her in *The Chronicle;* "but it faces more temptations. We hear all about those who go wrong, but the great mass of earnest, conscientious, happy youth does not break into print." As she still sees it:

"Young people need the Church, need faith and the conse-

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cration of religion to-day as never before. There are so many things to distract them.

"Automobiles, dances, movies—so many pleasures to tempt them into worldliness. They need the balance that the Church gives. For the youth of to-day will be the workers of to-morrow.

"Through the Christian Endeavor we hope their leadership will be for good citizenship, for law observance, and for the creation of a more friendly world. These are the ideals the Christian Endeavor young folks have accepted."

WELL, there is much talk about "flaming youth." Let us hear, then, what is said of the youth that flamed in San Francisco. The Cincinnati *Enquirer* seems to sum it up well:

"The delegates to this great conference represent more than the organized body they serve—the millions of men and women whose lives and characters have been shaped and influenced by it.

"They rest securely behind vital and enduring principles.

"They are the strong pillars which support an ethical edifice unlike any other in the world.

"The organization is manned by, and inspired by, youth. It has been little affected by the changing standards of the present era.

"Its golden jubilee is typical of its stupendous prevalence throughout a great nation; not only that, but its prevalence throughout many lands of the earth. Its membership is devoted to constructive good works.

"These young crusaders are not ashamed to wear the colors of their cause in the face of all humankind. Their language and deeds speak for their fidelity to a cause as noble as any the world has known."

Mortgaging Hope

SCHOLARSHIP LOANS are a serious handicap to women, as they are to ministers.

They are, in effect, a mortgage on the future, in the opinion of Dr. Paul Popenoe, secretary of the Human Betterment Foundation, as he exprest it in an address to students at the summer session of Columbia University.

"Loaded with debt at graduation," he said, "the girl must turn her back on marriage until she pays it off. If a man proposes, she can not answer, 'I should be delighted to wed if you will assume my college indebtedness.' By the time she is ready to listen to proposals, the men in her group have married."

What Dr. Popenoe demands, comments the Brooklyn *Eagle*, which quotes from his address, is that scholarship foundations should give the money outright instead of loaning it. The argument, it believes, can not be laughed away. "The girl graduate who is mortgaged by the loan has other duties to society besides earning money. If her mind was worth training, the gift of what was lent to her would have been a good investment."

Male students so mortgaged also lose much of their value to civilization, says *The Eagle*, which adds:

"Clergymen suffer most. Aided in college or in theological seminaries by denominational funds, they must stand in the pulpit with this debt hanging over their heads unless, or until, the mortgage is paid off. Generally, we fear, it is never paid off. Salaries in the ministry are not liberal enough to cover much relief of past obligations not collectable under civil law. The girl graduates are not alone in their loan disadvantages."

Acme photograph

To Head a Dry Paper

Stanley High, who, with Dr. Daniel A. Poling, is to make a new venture in journalism in New York. Mr. High is shown here with Mrs. High, as they landed in San Francisco, after a year's tour of the Far East and Africa.

Religion and the Press

IS THE PRESS PAGAN?

It is, according to rather wide-spread belief, in spite of the columns devoted to church and religious news and of the numerous sermon extracts which appear in most of the Monday morning papers.

The charge receives new impetus from the announcement that a dry paper is to be established in New York under the direction of Stanley High, contributing editor of *The Christian Herald*, and Dr. Daniel A. Poling, editor of that magazine, and new leader of the Prohibition ranks.

In welcoming the announcement, *The Commonweal* (New York), expresses the opinion that the undertaking has a distinct chance to establish itself on a paying basis.

"We think so," says this well-known and stimulating Roman Catholic weekly, "because we are of the opinion that there are millions in Protestant groups in the United States who are repelled and to a large degree alarmed by the paganism of the predominant part of the daily press."

The Commonweal says it knows from first-hand experience that American journalism is not hostile to the churches, Protestant or Roman Catholic, or to the interests of Christianity in general. It charges, however, that for the most part the press "is in the hands of those to whom religion—at least organized, militant religion—is of no personal interest and of little fundamental importance."

BUT the Asheville *Citizen* doubts that the charge could be established. "In the very nature of things," it says, "the daily newspaper is a secular institution. It is supposed to cover the whole range of human activities and interests—science, politics, economics, religion, education, and everything else—not in the manner of a text-book, not with the approach of the scientist in his laboratory, or the teacher in his classroom, or the preacher in his pulpit, but objectively, suggestively, informingly, in a general way, keeping in mind the fact that probably only a fraction of the paper's readers are interested in any one matter upon which the paper touches daily."

The friendly *Citizen* instances the New York *Times* in point, reminding us that this great metropolitan daily "treats all religious activities and thought as news, just as it treats all scientific activities and thought as news." A Papal encyclical is published in full. Proposed changes in the Episcopal Church's canons on marriage and divorce are also reported in full. So with the affairs of other religious bodies.

The Times, it is pointed out, has readers of every shade of religious persuasion, which is true of most other daily newspapers. But, with one exception, so far as *The Citizen* is aware, no daily newspaper in the country regards itself as a religious organ.

A number of daily newspapers, says *The Citizen*, publish religious features, and frequently those features offend readers who hold views different from those exprest by the writers. As *The Citizen* sees it, then,

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"On the whole, the effort of the press seems to be to maintain an objective attitude in the handling of matters having to do with religion as well as of most other matters, including politics; for the party political organ is by no means so much in evidence as it was only a few years ago.

"It is this objectivity of the press to which *The Commonweal* seems to object, and which it denounces as 'pagan.' Is that a fair charge? What other attitude would, on the whole, be as satisfactory and defensible?

"There is in this country a place for journals that are primarily religious.

"We doubt if this place is in the daily field.

"Even in the weekly and denominational field, where such publications long flourished, many of them seem to be finding the struggle to survive a hard one. In this State, only recently, one of the best of the papers of this type has suspended publication because of lack of support from the people of its own denomination."

Cheating the Child

A LOT OF MOTHERS ARE CHEATS.

When it comes to the biological facts of life they may be glib enough in explaining things to the young questioner.

But when it comes to religion they are shy, just as the Victorian mother was when anything "indelicate" came up in the conversation.

Some things they just can't believe. Doubtless there is a Supreme Being, but—well, why not wait and let the children decide such controversial matters for themselves when they are old enough to reason?

"In other words," writes Marian Castle, who brings religion-shy mothers to task in an article in *The Woman's Journal* (New York), "why not wait and let them bump up against sorrow and fear and life and death, with no other preparation than stark biological facts and cold moral precepts?"

"I've been very careful," a mother said to the writer, "never to let the children go to Sunday-school where they could pick up a lot of Hebrew myths and Old Testament ideology. I've been so afraid that they might form a literal image in their minds of God as an old man with a long beard, sitting on a golden throne."

Then she chuckled over how she had explained Santa Claus to her children as symbolizing the spirit of Christmas.

"If, when they were old enough, you could make the transference in their minds from the actual long-bearded Santa Claus to the intangible spirit of giving," asked Miss Castle, "why wouldn't it be just as easy to make the transference from the idea of a long-bearded God to the idea of the spirit of love?"

Observing that it is the teaching and experience of early years that molds the child, Miss Castle urges:

"You may think you believe in nothing. But you are wrong. You believe in something, even if it's only the selfish advantages to be obtained from leading 'the good life.'

"If that's what you believe, teach it to your child.

"If you believe that evolution did not stop with Adam and Eve and a Biblical book of Genesis, but that it continues even to-day; and if you believe, as do many great scientists, that this same evolution is not hit-and-miss, but is, instead, an orthogenetic process directed toward a definite end, then you are granting that some intelligence is directing it.

"This intelligence is God. Teach your child so. Don't cheat.

"If you believe, with all civilized mankind, that the character of a just, intelligent, altruistic human being—and not the body of a prize-fighter—is the peak of man's development, then you believe that spiritual qualities are supreme. Granting that all matter is indestructible, then of course the body of the prize-fighter, in its final elements, is indestructible.

"Pondering these things, if you find it impossible to believe that the infinitely precious spirit of man should be less permanent than the components of his body—then you are conceding the imperishability of the spirit. This is immortality. Teach your child so. Don't cheat."

When the mind contemplates the incredible revealings of the microscope, when it is confused by eternity and shrinks before infinity and frantically seeks an answer, then, says Miss Castle, "you have accepted God. Teach your child so. Don't cheat."

The First American Saint

MORE THAN A HUNDRED YEARS AGO the granddaughter of an Anglican clergyman was converted to the Roman Catholic faith and devoted herself to good works.

To-day tens of thousands rise up to call Mother Seton blessed and ask Pope Pius to elevate her to the spiritual peerage of the ancient church. If that comes to pass, she will be the first American saint. The petition, signed by 150,000 Americans, including many of the American hierarchy, was presented to Pope Pius by fifty priests, nuns, and delegates of the International Federation of Catholic Alumnæ.

When he presented the huge scroll to the Pope, Father Joseph B. Code, who headed the delegation, recalled that the cause of beatification was introduced in 1907 by Pope Pius X. Father Code listed among the good works of Mother Seton that she had "inaugurated practically every work of Catholic social welfare in the United States."

"Because she opened the first free school for children," he recited, according to an Associated Press dispatch, "she has been given the title of patroness of the parochial-school system in the United States. Because she sent sisters to take charge of the first Catholic orphanage in the country, her place among the homeless little ones of Christ is secure. Because her spiritual daughters opened the first Catholic hospital in the United States, her memory is venerated wherever sickness and suffering receive ministration."

The American-born Elizabeth Anne Bayley Seton (1774-1821), better known as Mother Seton, was, we read in the New York *World-Telegram*, the founder of the order of Sisters of Charity in the United States in 1813, at Emmitsburg, Maryland. She was born in New York of a non-Catholic family, high in social standing. Her father was Dr. Richard Bayley, professor of anatomy at Columbia University, and a health officer of the port of New York. Her mother was the daughter of an Anglican clergyman.

Married to William Magee Seton, she took her husband to Italy in 1803 for his health, and there became attracted to the Catholic faith. After her husband's death she was received into the Catholic Church in 1805. Eight years later, *The Commonweal* informs us, she founded the order of Sisters of Charity—"an extraordinary achievement in days when Catholics were few in the United States, and when nuns were objects of suspicion." And, says this Roman Catholic weekly:

"Her program was virtually all-comprehensive, and from the social point of view greatly in advance of the time.

"Free schools, orphanages, and hospitals were all begun under her direction, so that the whole range of activities now in the hands of Sisters was anticipated. Nor is any other figure of the early nineteenth century more typical of those numerous thoughtful Protestants who not only adopted the Catholic faith as their code of objective spiritual truth but devoted themselves humbly and unceasingly to the good works which express it."

THE process of canonization is slow, the Brooklyn *Times* reminds us. "It will probably be years before a decision is reached, but Americans who realize the unselfish and unrewarded labors, the self-abnegation, and the high religious ideals of the sisterhood Mother Seton founded, will hope that the project now under consideration at Rome will be ultimately crowned with success."

"Beatification and canonization," observes the New York *Times*, "would but recognize her as the saint she was while on earth."

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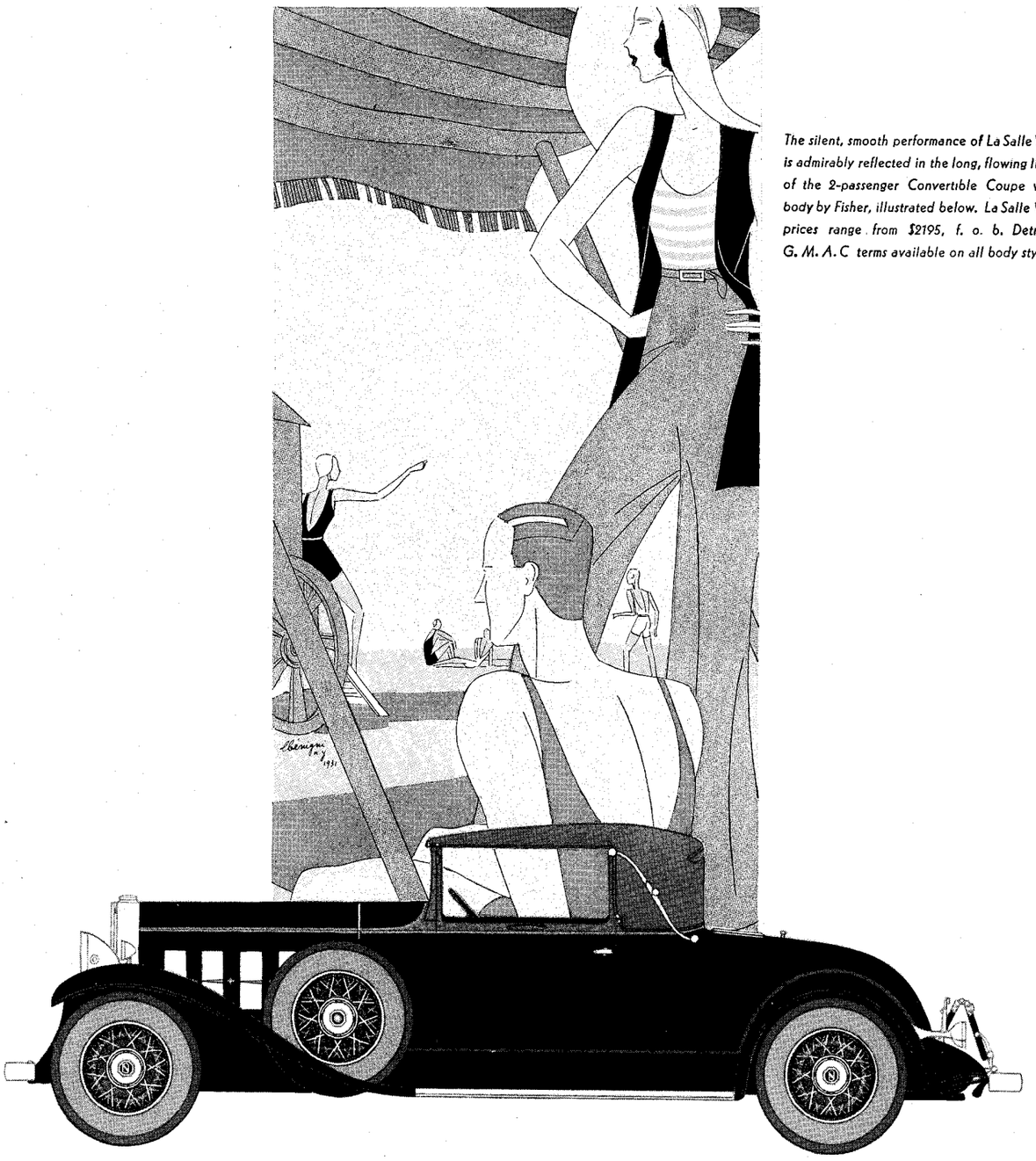

The silent, smooth performance of La Salle V-8 is admirably reflected in the long, flowing lines of the 2-passenger Convertible Coupe with body by Fisher, illustrated below. La Salle V-8 prices range from $2195, f. o. b. Detroit G. M. A. C terms available on all body styles.

In creating such mechanical masterpieces as the V-12 and the V-16, Cadillac engineers and craftsmen blazed their own trails of design and manufacturing methods. In fashioning bodies appropriate for such chassis, Fisher and Fleetwood artists achieved coachwork of singular beauty and charm. Many original and valuable developments have resulted—and from them, the La Salle V-8, companion to the gifted Cadillacs, has profited handsomely. Yet the La Salle, despite its rich heritage and distinguished bearing, costs little more than many an ordinary car.

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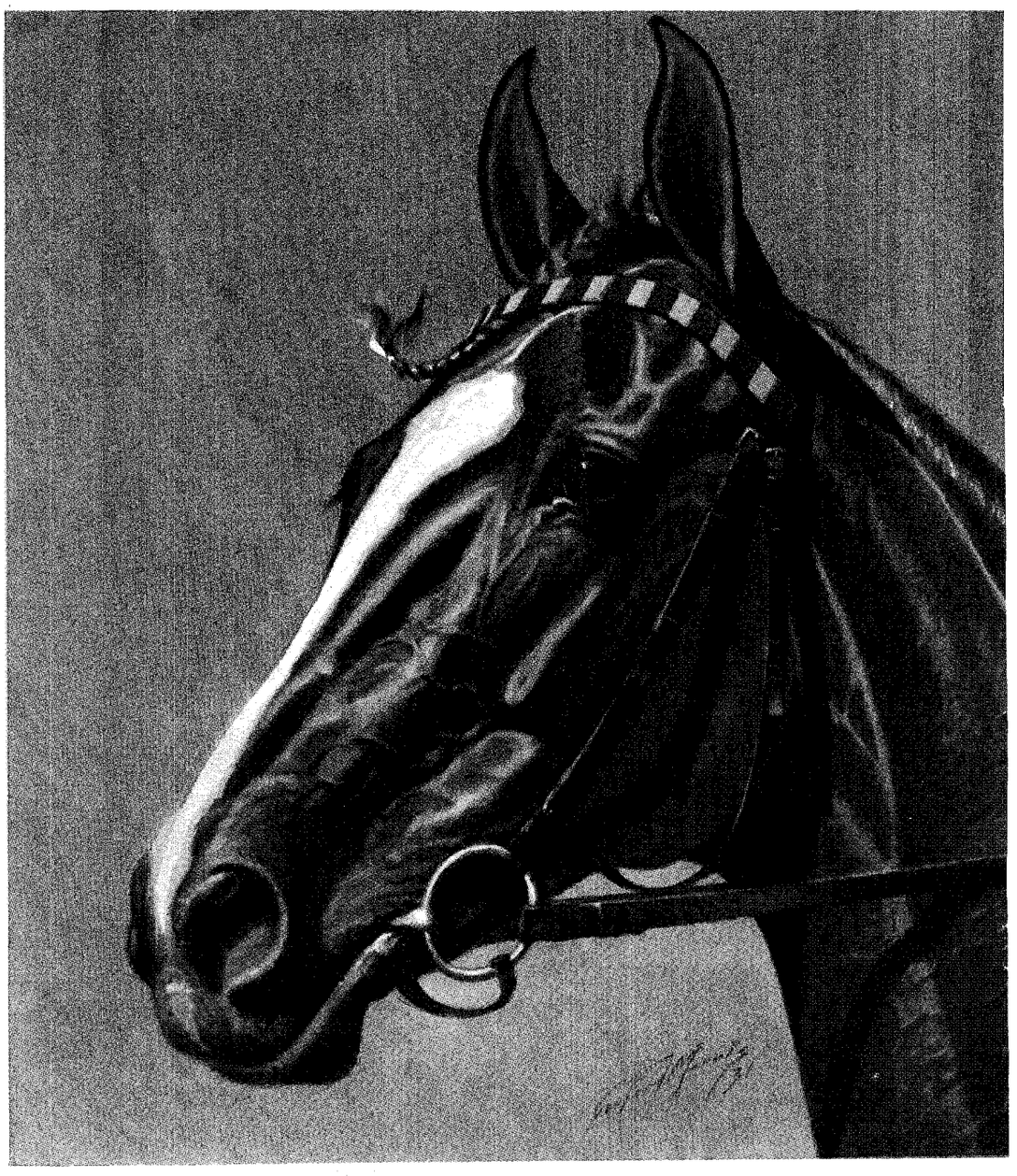
THE



Repeated triumphs alone make the winner

A stalwart three-year-old thoroughbred wins a great race—the Preakness. Excellent! This record alone, however, does not place him among the racing idols. But he repeats! He wins the Kentucky Derby—he wins the Lawrence Realization—he wins the Dwyer Stakes. This makes him an undisputed champion. The *extra margin* of quality is there, and a winner must have this extra margin.

Pre-eminence in golf has been accorded, not to the winner of one or two titles, but to the man whose prowess enabled him to win four major championships during 1930. And here is still another repeat winner with a record in which over two million thinking people have played a part:

There are 14 builders of straight eight motor cars in the Buick field, and yet Buick alone sells more than all the 13 others combined. Buick alone with its new Eight sells four times as many as the next company in its field. Buick alone has 750,000 more cars in operation than the second company.

And now, do you think that Buick could

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Springfield, Missouri

EIGHT AS BUICK BUILDS IT

A full color reproduction of this painting by George Ford Morris, suitable for framing, will be sent free on request. Dept. L. D., Buick Motor Co., Flint, Mich.

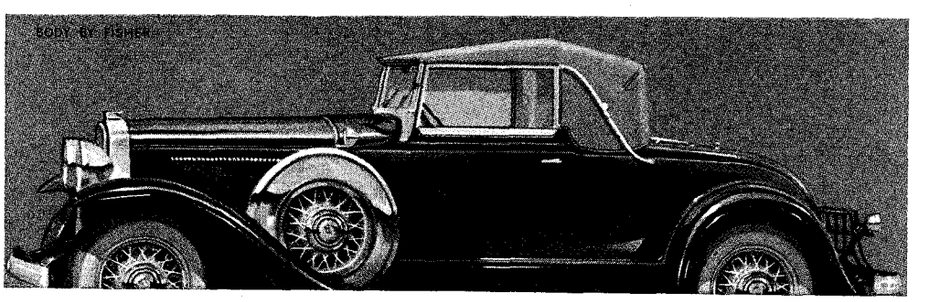
have won this pre-eminent position more than ten years ago and could actually repeat every single year since, if Buick did not build that extra margin of quality into Buick cars?

The repeat winner on the turf—the repeat winner in golf—the repeat winner in business capture the interest of the world, and the world is quick to respond, because everybody loves a winner.

The new Buick Straight Eights, in four series and four price ranges, are offered in 22 luxurious models, from $1025 to $2035, f. o. b. Flint, Michigan.

Consider the delivered price as well as the list price when comparing motor car values.

A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE



WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

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CURRENT POETRY

UNSOLICITED CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS DEPARTMENT CAN NOT BE RETURNED. UNPUBLISHED POETRY UNAVAILABLE

THE struggle for realizing beauty which ends in defeat seems exprest here in *The Commonweal* (New York):

IN DONEGAL

BY IRENE HAUGH

My eyes are tired of beauty, watching the earth,
My mind with searching words precise in praises
Which should be radiant as the ruby-dropping
fuchsia
Bursting in profusion from the hedges.

My sight is brimmed with beauty, of roses and
orchids
Growing wild in white and gold and purple,
Wild, wind-wetted, growing old unnoticed
And the many-fingered, pink-cream, clutching
honeysuckle.

And tired word searching I say as others say
"It is beautiful," even when the marigolds
Sway low among the oats and the wind moves
Like smoke, suddenly, among the meadows.

All these things I touch with love yet feel
A stranger knowing in myself—surprised—
That I with closer intimacy have lain
Upon the earth of dreams, unrealized.

THE madman scarce needs assurance, since he is sure of his dreams. From *The Spectator* (London):

TRAIGH ROAD

BY L. A. G. STRONG

The old man talking to himself beside the sea
Lost in his fierce, proud dreams,
Heeds not, nay, scarcely sees the graceless three
Jeering and grinning there to hide their own
Smallness of soul, which ecstasy
Must put to shame. He seems
King of a strayed, mad army: high and lone
In mind, though spied upon.
Yes, yes, old man!
IT WAS SO! We are witness, you and I.
From Ardnamurchan here to Yucatan
Nothing so grand and fine,
Nothing so proud and high
Lives in the seven lands, moves in the oceans nine,
As that you celebrate with lips awry,
As that with rolling eye
You see upstanding from your foundered youth.
Let the fools grin, and fling them back their lie;
You have the truth.

MR. SINGER doesn't belie his name in his song in *The London Mercury:*

SONG

BY J. SINGER

Maiden, herald not these dreams,
Walking softly, walking sweetly.
All thy gifts it surely seems
Vanish slyly, vanish fleetly.
Maiden, herald not these dreams
I will not unbend.
Will-o'-the-wisp no more thy gleams
Enough—an end, an end.

Maiden, herald not these joys
Walking calmly, walking proudly,
Victims of the rascal boy's
Clamour sadly, clamour loudly:
Maiden, herald not these joys,
I will not unbend.
Go, thy pleading is but noise.
Enough—an end, an end.

Maiden, herald not this bliss,
Walking bravely, walking gladly;
Those who yield to thy wild kiss,
Caper strangely, caper madly.
Maiden, herald not this bliss
I will not unbend.
Others wait, impatient miss,
Enough—an end, an end.

THIS recalls a mood of childhood or later, that brings response to each and every one. From *The Virginia Quarterly Review:*

WARNING TO A TRAVELER

BY FREDERIC PROKOSCH

If, being alone, on any evening you should follow
Over the hill
This quiet path, which now seems so completely
mellow,
Completely still,
Remember that I warned you once; and then
remember
That there have been
Among those ilexes and ashes, where an ember
Of sun between
The trunks causes a miracle—that there are
dwelling
In similar places
As this, creatures of whom there may be no safe
telling,
Of whose dark faces
There may be no clean punctual unlearning:
O then recall
That thence there will be no identical returning
Ever, at all.

HERE'S a "landlocked" sea-dog, but his plaint in *The Stratford Magazine* (Boston) strikes a chord of any age-old struggler:

LANDLOCKED

BY GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND

I have sailed far, strange seas,
Where the warm surfs wrangle on beaches
Of coral white as a leper's scurf,
And the plumed palmettos sway.
I have coasted black-craggy isles
And ironbound arctic reaches;
Floe and berg and fjord have I seen,
And a world and a world beside,
All in my roving day.

I have battled wild oceans;
Hearkened reef, tide-rip and gale;
Seen the Bridge of Valhalla,
With Valkyrs galloping over.
Drowsed in the basking doldrums;
Waked to the mystic, pale
And high mirages of Labrador dawns;
Been all the salt seas' wanderer,
The wide world's lusty lover.

I have watched blazing noons
On orchid-bright mountains of wonder;
Flying-fish silvery-skimming
Crests of purple and gold.
Memories, Lord! but I love ye,
Of sea-hills roaring to thunder!
Visions of snow-spun peaks,
Of forest and fog and pampas,
How I cherish and hold!

Yet now I must nod by the fire,
Never again to go.
Old flesh fails me and old bones shrink
From such-like passion and pain.
Now I must only doze and remember
Coral and crag and floe,
Brooding far beaches I'll never scan,
Islands I'll see no more
Ever, ever again.

I'm a gray, landlocked hull, now,
Sunk in a stagnant lagoon;
Broken and bilged my keel,
My ragged rigging unspanned.
Never I'll steer again,
But settle and sag, till soon
My staring ribs a-crack
Shall moulder slowly away,
And rot in the sodden sand.

Would I had perished in tempest,
With cold, pure ocean about me,
Caves of the sea my tomb,
Dirged by the whelming gale!
Better and braver far,
Than crumble where lubbers flout me;
Better have drowned full-fleshed,
Than shrivel to wizened age,
Bloodless, palsied and pale!

Hap, there's another world,
God knows how fair it must be—
Stardust and planet and ring—
To equal the world I've known!
What's in Orion, the Pleiades, Plough,
I wouldn't barter, to see
Just again Tavoo beach at dawn
With its date-palms golden and green,
Dreaming ever alone?

Yet now I must crouch by cold embers,
My long sea-trekking all over;
Bid farewell to the Seas of Time,
Steer for Eternity.
Lord! but I'd give all heaven and hell
To be once again a rover,
A rover and twenty again,
With the salt spray on my lips,
Beating to open sea! . . .

THE townsman and the countryman seem to stand as far apart as "East and West." The Vancouver *Star* presents the case:

BROTHER, I STAND ALONE

BY H. GLYNN-WARD

THE TOWNSMAN

You whom the land has broken,
Wearied your soul and bent
With maladroit ease your manhood,
Leaving you sorry and spent:

When at the Great Re-dealing
Fates are given anew,
Pray that a sheltered leisure
May be assigned to you;
Fame and fortune, and servants
To work for you all your years,
Ease that a farmer knows not
Whose only reward is tears.

THE SETTLER

Brother, I ask of no man!
Great is the peace of my soul,
Splendid the joy life gave me,
Worth all that I paid in toll:

House I built with my sinews,
Grain I grew with my hands,
Zest for a fight worth winning,
Verdure on new-cleared lands,
Not for Ease would I forfeit
The Freedom and Pride I own,
I used the strength God gave me,
Brother, I stand alone!

WE give free range to many emotions, but etiquette demands that we do not chew in public. The Chinese are our antipodes, and what is one man's meat is another's poison. See the New York *American:*

AUDIENCE

(From the Chinese Theater)

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

They sit in shabby rows, they seem to brood,
Their meditation is serene, above
The play that tells of rivalry and love—
And yet, unceasingly, they munch strange food
(Too bland, their chewing, to be coarse or rude!)
They do not talk, they never push or shove
As do our crowds, correct of gown and glove;
They just relax—and capture some strange mood

One wonders what they think, and if the story
Upon the stage is real before their eyes;
They do not shout to meet its burst of glory,
They do not sob when some brave hero dies.
They do not clap, as other people do—
They only watch, through slanted eyes, and chew.

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"Ultra-Violet Tattoo" to Prevent Baby Mix-Ups

"MIXING THOSE BABIES UP" has long been a favorite subject for fiction-writers, and dates back to fairy and folk-lore of unidentified authorship.

Unfortunately, it has not been unknown in real life, and since the lying-in hospital, with its hundreds of new arrivals, has become popular, strenuous efforts are made not to lose connection between mother and child.

Some of the methods used have already been described in these pages. Others are given by Dr. Herman Goodman, of New York, in an article contributed to *The Police Journal* (New York), who has himself perfected a plan of identification based on stenciling the skin directly with ultra-violet rays. We read:

"Maternity hospitals throughout the country have used every available precaution to prevent exchange of babies, or claims of exchange.

"Nearly all the devices employed have failed at one time or another.

"A brief review of what has been done may be in order. One large lying-in hospital employed the following intricate system: First, the baby's name and number were written in a registration book. Then both baby and mother were taped, and tagged the moment the baby appeared. Next a large square of adhesive tape with the infant's name, number, history, was pasted on his back. Finally, two sets of footprints were taken, one set to go with the mother, the other to be retained by the hospital.

"Another popular method for identification is the use of the baby necklace made up of beads with letters to spell the baby's name.

"In most instances only the surname is spelled with the bead letters, so that if two babies named Smith or Jones were born about the same time in the hospital and carried to the infant's quarters, a mix-up might possibly ensue.

"The necklace method has the advantage of being sealed around the baby's neck, and is left in place until removed by the mother after the child has left the hospital.

"Tagging the baby with an identification disk, not unlike that worn by soldiers during the war, is another method used. More information can be stenciled on this disk, as surname and given name of parents. The possibility that the disk will fall off is remote.

"Written tapes are not satisfactory, because the writing may become blurred from moisture of one kind or another.

"Footprints offer a scientific method of identification, and have been used alone or with other methods, such as stenciling or name marking. The footprint seems impersonal to a mother. The association with finger-printing and all that it implies, means another barrier to footprinting. The presence of the materials for footprinting in the delivery room, and their use immediately at birth, would also offer certain objectionable features.

"Stenciling the baby with a non-water-soluble ink has been offered as a method of identification, and need never be neglected. A solution of silver nitrate can be used as the writing fluid, and the information needed can be painted on the baby's skin.

"A short exposure to light will convert the silver nitrate from an invisible ink into the black silver oxid. This persists for some time, unless removed by a combination of hydroxid and iodin, or by mechanical cleansing."

AT present, Dr. Goodman notes, the habit of having children born at home has been largely dropt for the safer method of births at hospitals. Many physicians refuse to deliver at home, and the really remarkable drop in infant mortality and the rarity of infection among mothers is proof, he asserts, of the wisdom of this course. Another factor thus adds to the difficulties of identification; the children are separated from the mothers and detained in special baby rooms, being carried to the mothers only at nursing time. He goes on:

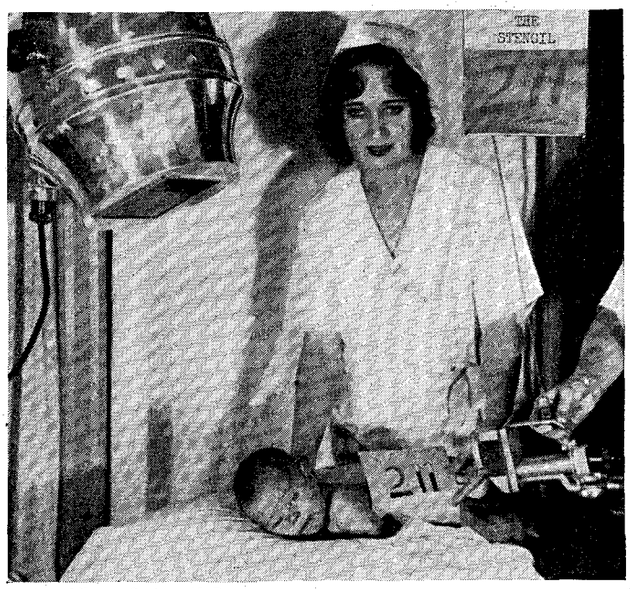
"Several years ago I experimented with ultra-violet markings of the skin in some work which I was doing on erythema (sunburn) with various pieces of apparatus which emitted vital ultra-violet.

"At that time I noticed that certain squares, circles, and other outlines which I used in the time and distance experiments gave an identification comparable to the old-fashioned branding on the Western range.

"However, the important thing regarding this was not that the sunburn markings were visible to the naked eye after some hours from the exposure to the ultra-violet source, but that the mark was visible under filtered or ultra-violet or black light before it became visible to the eye under ordinary light. And further, that long after the sunburn had faded and had become invisible in ordinary light, the original mark could be plainly seen as vividly as the day it was made if the skin were examined under the same filtered ultra-violet or black light.

"The combination of erythema production—sunburn—by artificial ultra-violet sources and the use of black light to recognize faded sunburn offered a method for ultra-violet tattoo of newborn children.

"The following procedure should be most satisfactory: On admission of an expectant mother to a lying-in hospital, a stencil be cut with her initials, and the serial number of admission as recorded in the hospital books. This disk should be one and one-half inches in diameter. It should be of cardboard or of aluminum, and should be secured to the wrist. As soon as the baby is born, a section of skin of the baby should be washed and the disk, still taped to the mother's wrist, should be stenciled by means of a fifteen-second exposure of the water-cooled mercury-vapor arc in quartz (therapeutic model) on the skin of the baby, and on the skin of the mother.



Courtesy of Herman Goodman, M. D.

Stenciling the Baby

With the ultra-violet device to prevent a mix-up.

"The stencil could be made in duplicate, one taken from the mother's wrist and taped to that of the baby. The same stencil could be inked on another section of the skin with ordinary inks, or with the solution of silver nitrate.

"Any or all of the other methods of identification of newborn babies could be carried on as at present in the institution. If every one is satisfied, and the parents are ready to accept the child given to them as their own, nothing is lost.

"The mother and baby each has a mild sunburned area on the skin. Within a short time it fades, and ultimately disappears. Suppose, some time later, there is a claim of a mix-up. The ordinary identification marks—necklaces, tapes, ink stencils—all of them have been removed, or destroyed, or washed away.

"Are we lost?

"By no means: bring mother and baby under the zone of filtered ultra-violet or black light. The zone of faded or invisible sunburn glows again as it did the first day it was made. We can read the initials and the serial number on both the mother and the child!

"Lost children or abandoned waifs from whom all other identifying marks have been purposely or accidentally removed could be examined under the black light for the birth stencil or tattoo."

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CAR OWNERS *bought more* FIRESTONE TIRES

during May, June and July

than in any like period in History

THERE are reasons for this—Firestone is building the Greatest Tire Values in history, with the result that *Firestone Factories are operating 24 hours a day, 6 days a week,* to meet public preference.

This is the year everybody is scrutinizing his purchases. This is particularly true in tire buying because of the many confusing and misleading statements made about tires. To give car owners the facts, Firestone published comparisons showing Quality, Construction, and Prices.

Then the public came into Firestone Service Stores and Service Dealers—made their own comparisons with cross-sections cut from Firestone Tires—and from special brand mail order tires and others, and when they saw the facts *they bought more Firestone Tires during May, June and July than in any like period in Firestone history.*

Let the Firestone Service Dealer show you these *Firestone Extra Values at no extra cost* plus the service and guarantee of Firestone and their dealers. Have your car equipped for Safe, Trouble-Free Summer Motoring.—Drive in today.—There is a Firestone Dealer in your community.—*Prices lowest in history.*

Firestone

MOST MILES PER DOLLAR

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Firestone Service Stores *and* Service Dealers
Save You Money *and* Serve You Better

MAKE OF CAR	Firestone Oldfield Type	Cash Price Each	Cash Price Per Pair
Ford, Chevrolet	4.40-21	$4.98	$9.60
Chevrolet	4.50-20	5.60	10.90
Ford	4.50-21	5.69	11.10
Ford, Chevrolet, Whippet	4.75-19	6.65	12.90
Erskine, Plymouth	4.75-20	6.75	13.10
Chandler, DeSoto, Dodge, Durant, Graham-Paige, Pontiac, Roosevelt, Willys-Knight	5.00-19	6.98	13.60
Essex, Nash	5.00-20	7.10	13.80
Marquette, Oldsmobile	5.25-18	7.90	15.30
Buick	5.25-21	8.57	16.70
Auburn, Jordan, Reo	5.50-18	8.75	17.00
Gardner, Marmon, Oakland, Peerless, Studebaker	5.50-19	$8.90	$17.30
Chrysler, Viking	6.00-18	11.20	21.70
Franklin, Hudson, Hupmobile	6.00-19	11.40	22.10
LaSalle, Packard	6.00-20	11.50	22.30
Pierce-Arrow	6.00-21	11.65	22.60
Stutz	6.50-20	13.10	25.40
Cadillac, Lincoln	7.00-20	15.35	29.80

Heavy Duty Truck & Bus Tires

Firestone Oldfield Type	Cash Price Each	Cash Price Per Pair
30x5 H.D.	$17.95	$34.90
32x6 H.D.	29.75	57.90
36x6 H.D.	32.95	63.70
6.00-20 H.D.	15.35	29.80

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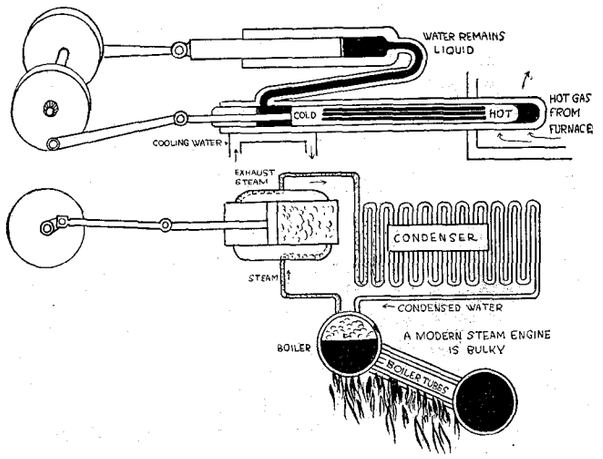
A Hot-Water Engine

A NEW KIND OF ENGINE that uses liquid water instead of steam, discards boilers and condensers, develops more power in less space than ordinary steam- and gas-engines, with freedom from explosion hazards and heat wastes, will shortly be offered for experimental commercial use in England.

The inventor, J. F. J. Malone, engineer, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, has experimented with the novel water-engine for several years.

Since steam and other engines have been worked always by the expansion of gases for three hundred years, a prime mover operated by expansion of liquid has created much interest in engineering circles. Says Science Service (Washington):



Courtesy of Science Service, Washington, D C.

The Difference

How the new "water engine" (above) differs from an ordinary steam-engine (below) is shown in the diagram.

"Both the new water-engine and conventional steam-engines use water, but in the case of the steam-engine the water must be changed to steam before any work can be done. In the Malone engine the water stays liquid even under pressures of tons per square inch created within the engine.

"Rapid heating and cooling of the liquid water are necessary in order that the water-engine will operate. This was accomplished by Mr. Malone through the development of a novel form of heat transferrer within one of the cylinders of the water-engine.

"Other advantages claimed for the engine are:

"Only a small amount of water is needed, and this reduces the size of the engine and allows it to be used where water is scarce.

"It runs and changes speed more noiselessly than conventional engines.

"It loses less heat than other engines and its outside shell is cool to the touch.

"Its mechanism is simpler and the working parts need be opened for inspection only once in four years.

"There is no incessant boiler cleaning, no water gages, no risk of shortness or foulness of water.

"The control system is simpler than in the steam-engine.

"It has no exhaust, as the water is used over and over.

"All bearings within the engine are cold and lubricated by the water itself."

THE hot-air engine, which was in common use for light work before the electric motor became common, is said to be the nearest approach to the water-engine in its method of working. Two cylinders are used with pistons connected to the same shaft and the water is pushed back and forth from one cylinder to the other. We read further:

"One cylinder, called by the inventor the 'thermodynamic pile,' has one end heated by hot gases from the fire to a temperature of 900 degrees Fahrenheit.

"The other end is cooled continuously by a stream of cold water or air to about 70 degrees and the water in this cylinder circulates through concentric tubes, being alternately heated and cooled in its motion. The layers of heated and cooled water pass in opposite directions through the neighboring layers of the pile which are only about one-hundredth of an inch in thickness.

"By this means a very rapid and complete transfer of the heat of the hot gases of the furnace to the water is obtained, so that there is no difficulty in running the engine up to 250 revolutions per minute.

"From the scientific standpoint, a perfect steam cycle and a perfect water cycle would have about the same efficiencies, but a small water-engine is very much more efficient than a small steam-engine.

"Many other liquids were tested, including oil, gasoline, alcohol, mercury, liquid carbon dioxid, and sulfur dioxid, but water proved the best all-around substance.

"'A liquid engine locomotive,' said Mr. Malone, 'could give the same power for half the coal consumption and no water consumption, have a greater starting effort, being free of gears would be as elastic, would occupy the same space, and would weigh and cost the same as a good type steam locomotive.'

"For an engine of 100 horse-power or over, the 'indicated' efficiency as measured by three different engineers, was 27 per cent. In comparison with this, a superheated steam locomotive gives 8 per cent., and the best type of superheated marine engine, 14.7 per cent.

"A huge power-station steam-turbine would give a slightly greater over-all efficiency than the small water-engines already constructed, but the efficiency of the water-engine would increase as the size is increased. Gasoline engines give 26 per cent. indicated efficiency, and Diesel or heavy oil engines up to 47 per cent.

"Mr. Malone expects that his new engine will be adapted to highway traction-engines, ships, small power-stations, locomotives, as well as more conventional uses. It promises to be particularly useful in isolated and desert locations where water and good grade fuel are scarce."

Heart-Beats After Death

THE HUMAN HEART BEATS AFTER physiological death, according to a report of a recent meeting of the Berlin Medical Society in the *Neueste Nachrichten* (Leipzig).

Dr. von Hoesslin affirmed that for minutes (in some instances no less than thirty) after "death," contractions could be observed and recorded by the electrocardiograph, altho becoming weaker and weaker:

Says the Leipzig paper:

"Occasionally, prior to the final cessation of beats, there supervenes an interval of increased susceptibility to stimulation, or 'irritability.'

"This causes for a brief interval a swifter beat-rate until in the end complete stoppage ensues.

"Yet even then all life is not extinguished in the heart. Its separate components may singly for days effect contractions and respond to stimuli.

"These elements include the muscular fibers which make up the so-called ligaments of the heart.

"In sufferers from heart-disease who hitherto had seemingly appeared to be in perfect health but suddenly expired as if they were opprest at the breast, Hoesslin succeeded in ascertaining the condition of the heart during such periods with the aid of the electrocardiograph.

"It was thus shown that the heart in such circumstances effects no further genuine contractions. Its whole musculature has entered upon a state of agitation and tremor from which it does not return.

"Efforts have been made by the injection of strong heart stimulants, or by mechanical shocks or induction currents, to restore regularity of throb in a heart of which the activity still persists throughout so considerable an interval.

"In the case of diseased hearts such an expedient has yet to succeed.

"There does exist a possibility of taking advantage of this persistence of the heart-beat after death to restore normality to the agitated movements upon which it has entered.

"To this end advantage must be taken of the fact that a heart muscle still retains capacity or vitality.

"In this way it might be possible to recall a man to life—to raise him (in a manner of speaking) from the dead."

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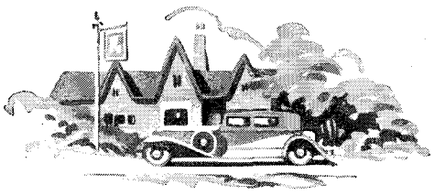
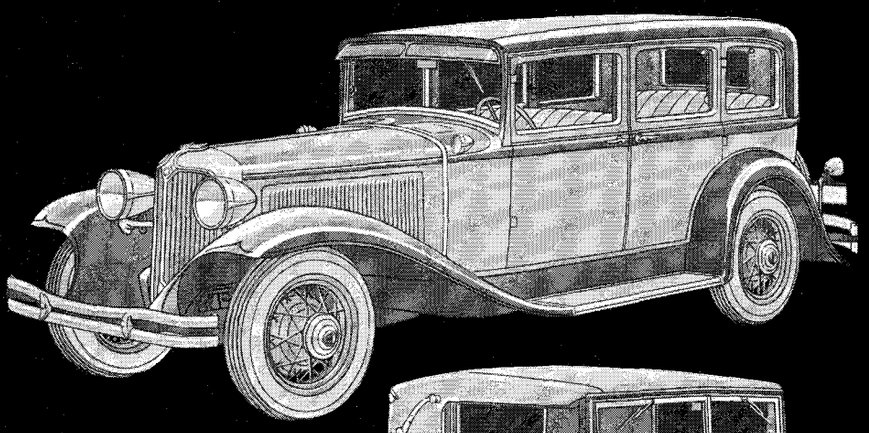
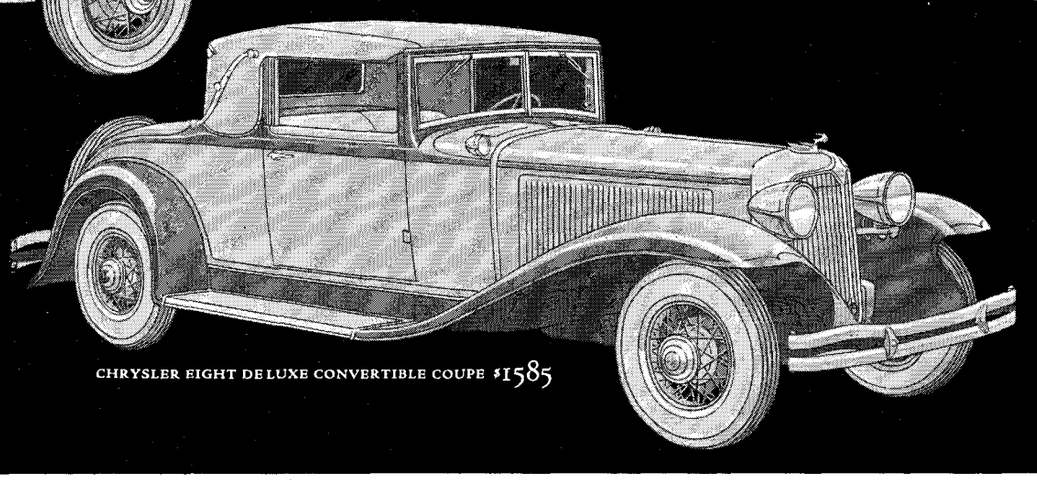


CHRYSLER
EIGHTS & SIXES



CHRYSLER SIX SEDAN $895



CHRYSLER EIGHT DE LUXE CONVERTIBLE COUPE $1585

A Chrysler spoils you for anything else

THERE'S something about a Chrysler that gets into your blood and stirs your pulse —spoils you for anything else.

The genius of Chrysler engineering has made all the difference in the world between a Chrysler and other cars.

Chryslers are so brimful of life and action. They are so instantly responsive. They are so snappy in pick-up. They are so powerful and so silky-smooth.

DRIVE a Chrysler Six: A fine, big Six of 116-inch wheelbase; with low center of gravity; with a quiet 78-horsepower engine and quick, easy gear shift; with safety bodies of steel; with self-equalizing internal hydraulic brakes—and with Chrysler's highly perfected Free Wheeling optional at slight extra cost.

For those who want a larger, still finer car, there is the new Chrysler Eight De Luxe: A completely *de luxe* car from start to finish—in style, in construction and in performance. Luxurious upholstery and appointments. Smart divided windshield. A 124-inch wheelbase. Low center of gravity. Great stamina and sturdiness. A superbly smooth 95-horsepower straight eight engine with fully counterweighted crankshaft—80 miles an hour if you want it, and as steady as a train on rails.

And for those who want the very finest, there is the Chrysler Imperial Eight—finest, fastest, largest Chrysler ever built. 145-inch wheelbase. 125-horsepower. Winner of *twelve* official A. A. A. Contest Board speed records.

Both the new De Luxe Eight and the Imperial Eight have Chrysler's exclusive Dual High gear transmission.

Both cars give you the added driving pleasure of TWO high gears—and you can shift from either high to the other, at *any* car speed, without clashing. One high gear for flashing action in traffic. Another *still higher* gear gives faster car speeds at *slower* engine speeds.

Own a Chrysler and you'll never want to change to anything else. *DRIVE* a Chrysler and learn the difference.

CHRYSLER SIX	$885 to $935
CHRYSLER "70"	$1245 to $1295
CHRYSLER EIGHT DE LUXE	$1525 to $1585
(Five wire wheels standard; six wire wheels $35 extra)	
CHRYSLER IMPERIAL EIGHT	$2745 to $3145
(CUSTOM MODELS $3150 to $3575)	

All prices f. o. b. factory; special equipment extra

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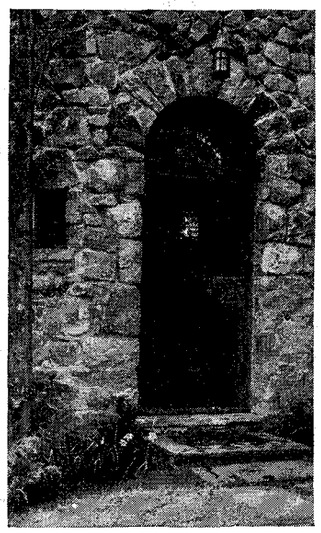
Pointers for Those Who Build

(6) Building With Stone

THE STONE HOUSE BETOKENS STRENGTH, durability, and dignity. Cool in summer, warm in winter, stone contributes comfort. Naturally its up-keep is economical. For surrounding landscaping its walls provide attractive backgrounds for shrubbery, trees, flowers, and ivy.



Courtesy of *Arts and Decoration*

Stonework

With oak door, wrought-iron latches and fan light combine to dignify this entrance.

Stone is used in solid masonry and as a veneer over other materials. For outside walls it may be used in combination with brick, tile, or frame. Let us consider some leading varieties.

Limestone deposits, which are found in many localities throughout the country, provide a building stone easily workable and having colors ranging from blue, green, yellow, pink, red, and black.

From southern Indiana, in particular, huge quantities, are quarried for government buildings, sky-scrapers, apartments, churches, schools and colleges and residences. For veneer in house construction it is meeting with increasing use. The Indiana Limestone Institute has established standards of grading, classification, etc., for limestone extracted from Indiana quarries.

As a writer in *American Builder and Building Age* tells us:

"'Limestone lumber' is the name which the people of the Bedford-Bloomington, Indiana, stone district often give to sawed strips of limestone when produced to be used as an outside veneer surface material for residence or other building construction.

"The pieces of limestone are laid up in the wall as a facing over hollow tile or brick, or as a veneer over stud-frame. . . . Strips of proper sizes for band stone, jamb stone, etc., are also furnished. . . . Innumerable combinations have been devised for producing random ashlar or range work."

On account of its great strength, durability, and variety of colorings and finishes, granite has wide-spread acceptance as a complete structural material, and also as stone veneer and rubble ashlar material.

Commenting on these latter uses, the National Building Granite Quarries Association Inc. in its publication, "Architectural Granite," says:

"The finishes best adapted for granite veneer include polished, honed, rubbed (fine to coarse), and sawed and sand-blasted." The veneer may be backed with brick, local stone, hollow tile, concrete, or frame.

BESIDES the use of granite as veneer it is coming into favor as rubble ashlar. As the same publication remarks:

"There are many forms of rubble ashlar walls. The pattern and style of jointing and the color and texture effects obtainable in granite are practically unlimited."

Sandstone, with its varied color range of golden, buff, brown, gray, purple, and pink hues and choice of finishes, provides artistic possibilities for the home builder—for, as one leading quarrier states:

Its "colors are harmoniously blended and, for that reason, this stone is particularly desired for residence construction, as it possesses a beautiful, warm-toned, pleasing appearance. Sandstone is generally used as a facing on either frame or hollow-tile construction, 4-inch beds generally being employed in a random ashlar design." A leading producer offers sandstone also in standard brick sizes, combining pleasingly with cut-stone trim.

The versatile qualities of native fieldstone, cut or uncut, are evidenced in countless fine old houses and modern homes.

MARBLE ranks high among stone building materials. As stated in "Marble in the Home and Garden," one of several books published by the National Association of Marble Dealers—"Marble is one of the most distinguished of materials. It is always in good taste. . . . It is obtainable in a great number of beautiful colors ranging from spotless white to ebony black. . . . It endures almost indefinitely. The initial cost has never been much higher than that of corresponding materials."

Domestic marble is quarried in such divergent States as Georgia, Arkansas, Tennessee, Colorado, Missouri, Alabama, and Vermont, and includes a variety of texture colorings from pure, snowy white to bluish and greenish stone, white frequently mottled or veined with darker hues.

Imported marbles include the brilliant reds of the French Pyrenees; the blacks, blue-blacks, and flecked hues of Belgium; Italian marbles, world-famous for their exceptional grain and varied colorings; the fine texture marbles of Germany, Spain, and Austria; onyx marble of Algeria, Mexico, Arizona, and Southern California, and the Serpentine marble of Greece.

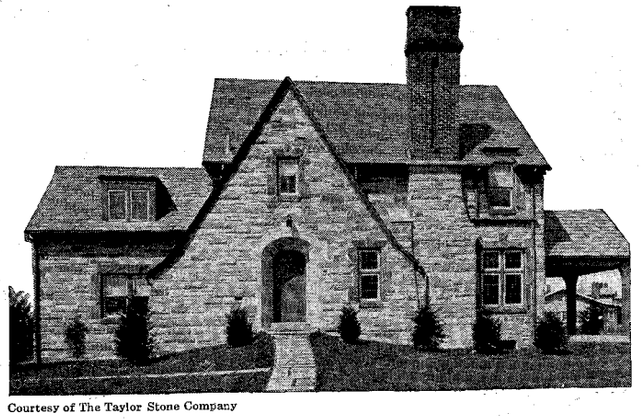
Among other varieties of stone, bluestone, supplied in various finishes, lends itself attractively as an exterior trim for various forms of masonry construction and presents pleasing possibilities for interior staircases, floors, etc. Soapstone, quarried extensively in Virginia under the trade name of "Alberene Stone," provides an indestructible stone for spandrils, trim, veneer, ashlar, and for interior purposes such as laundry tubs, shower compartments, sinks, stairs, mantels, flooring, fireplaces, etc.

SLATE with its mellow colorings and indestructible qualities has uses ranging from roofs, walls, floors, stairs, exterior wall trim, and flagging. The interests of this building material are fostered by the National Slate Association and the Bangor Slate Association.

Besides these and other natural varieties of stone, there are numerous forms of cast stone and artificial stone. Cast stone is defined by the American Concrete Institute as follows:

"The term 'cast stone' shall be understood to mean a building stone manufactured from Portland cement concrete, precast, and set in place as trim or facing on or in buildings and other structures." And as the Cast Stone Institute further explains: "Carefully selected stone is pulverized and treated to produce Portland cement. This cement is mixed with specially prepared aggregate and water, and placed in molds. Color may be added through the medium of special aggregates or mineral pigments. The possibilities of cast stone as a medium for the application of color to architecture are endless."

Among the artificial stones, synthetic travertine is supplied in numerous colors.



Courtesy of The Taylor Stone Company

Sandstone Veneer Over Wood Frame Gives Substance to This Attractive Home

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IT COST BILLIONS OF DOLLARS TO BUILD

YET YOU CAN USE IT FOR A FEW CENTS A DAY

EVERY TIME you telephone you share the benefits of a nation-wide communication system using eighty million miles of wire and employing four hundred thousand people. It represents a plant investment of more than four thousand million dollars, yet you can use a part of it for as little as five cents . . . for considerably less on a monthly service basis.

The organization that makes efficient telephone service possible is called the Bell System, yet it is as truly yours as if it were built specially for you. For every telephone message is a direct contact between you and the person you are calling.

At any hour of the day or night, the telephone stands ready and waiting to carry your voice to any one of twenty million other telephone users in this country. It knows no rest or sleep, or class or creed. All people — everywhere — may use it equally. Its very presence gives a feeling of security and confidence and of nearness to everything.

Many times during the day or week or month, in the ordinary affairs of life and in emergencies, you see the value of the telephone and realize the indispensable part it plays in every business and social activity.

The growth of the Bell System through the past fifty-five years and the constant improvement in service may well be called one of the great achievements of this country. Greater even than that are the policies, improvements and economies that make this service possible at such low cost.

Of all the things you buy, probably none gives so much for so little as the telephone

★ *AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY* ★

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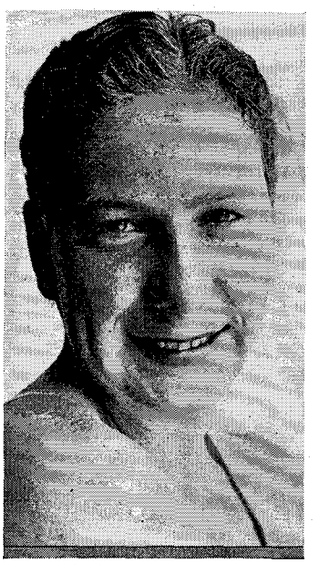
PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Records Beware! You're Fragile Stuff to Helene

A STURDY MISS OF EIGHTEEN SUMMERS, with pink cheeks and dark bobbed hair, cut the water of Central Park Lake furiously and speedily.

Using an "even, powerful crawl" stroke she swam ten laps in the sensational time of 7 minutes, $22^{3}/_{5}$ seconds, Marshall Hunt tells us admiringly in the New York *Daily News*. It was a new record for the 500 meters, better by more than ten seconds than Martha Norelius's mark, set several years ago.



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

Queen of Modern Mermaids

But the setter of this new record, Helene Madison of Seattle, whose record-breaking exploits are the summer's wonder in the world of swimming, in spite of the fact that she was once afraid to dive, "was only a little out of breath when she climbed from the lake."

She spoke for moving pictures, Mr. Hunt tells us, "she was photographed, asked to autograph this and that, and was otherwise requested to perform the sundry duties which devolve upon celebrities.

"And you might like to know that when Helene is busting records she keeps her fingernails a brilliant red, to make her swimming ensemble complete."

ONLY a little more than a year ago Helene was unknown, Burton Bassett reminds us in the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* Magazine. But since that time she has broken "twelve world records and established twenty-eight American women's free-style swimming marks within a year. The Fédération Internationale de Natation Amateur at Berlin has just notified the young mermaid that a dozen world's records are hers officially, and two more recently established marks will be placed to her credit at the federation's next meeting."

And here are the records:

100 yards, :60.8; 100 meters, :60.8; 150 yards, 1:40.4; 220 yards, 2:35.0; 200 meters, 2:34.6; 300 yards, 3:41.6; 300 meters, 3:59.4; 440 yards, 5:39.4; 400 meters, 5:39.4; 500 yards, 6:16.4; 880 yards, 11:41.2; mile, 24:34.6.

The 440 yards and 400 meters are identical distances under A. A. U. rules, but considered as two separate records it is explained. Miss Madison, incidentally, "recently broke these records, swimming the distance in 5:31, clipping 8.4 seconds from her own mark."

Helene's first important swimming victory "was won at the National Amateur Athletic Union indoor meet at St. Augustine, Florida, on March 14, 1930," we learn as we pursue Mr. Bassett's sketch:

She swam the 150-yard free-style race in 1 minute and 40 2-5 seconds, clipping 1 and 4-5 seconds from the record held by "Trudy" Ederle.

The same day Helene raced the 200 meters in 2 minutes and 34 4-5 seconds, shattering the record of 2 minutes and 40 3-5 seconds made by Martha Norelius, of New York.

A week later at Miami, Helene swam the 100-yard free-style race against fast competition, including Josephine McKim, of the Los Angeles Athletic Club. Helene's winning time was 1 minute and 1 3-5 seconds.

The next day Helene swam the 100 meters, breaking the record held by Albina Osipowich, of Massachusetts. Miss Osipowich's record was 1 minute and 1 4-5 seconds, and Helene clipt 1 and 2-5 seconds from the mark.

Then came the most astounding accomplishment of the young mermaid's short career. At Jacksonville, on March 18, 1930, Miss Madison, not yet seventeen years old, broke six records during one swim at the Lackawanna pool.

The records made by Helene in the single race follow:

Distance	New record	Old record
200 yards	2:23	2:25 2-5
220 yards	2:39	2:41 1-5
300 yards	3:41	3:47 2-5
400 yards	5:00	5:15
440 yards	5:31 2-5	5:48
500 yards	6:17	6:36

The six records were shattered by times ranging from 2 and 2-5 seconds to 19 seconds. Gertrude Ederle held the 220-yard mark, and Martha Norelius had made the other records which fell under the flailing strokes of the Queen of Mermaids.

The modest young girl went after more records. At the National A. A. U. swimming championships at Long Beach, California, July 3 to 6, 1930, she captured more American records, winning the 400 meters, 440 yards, 800 meters, 880 yards, and the mile race. Josephine McKim, despite her grim efforts, lost all her records to the swimming marvel.

She returned to her home in Seattle and broke the 120-yard record held by Ethel Lackie in 1:16 2-5, Miss Lackie's time being 1:18 3-5.

Now, each time Miss Madison swims, she races against her own records, but she is the same modest, half-shy young woman she was when in childhood she won a youngsters' race on Green Lake in Seattle.

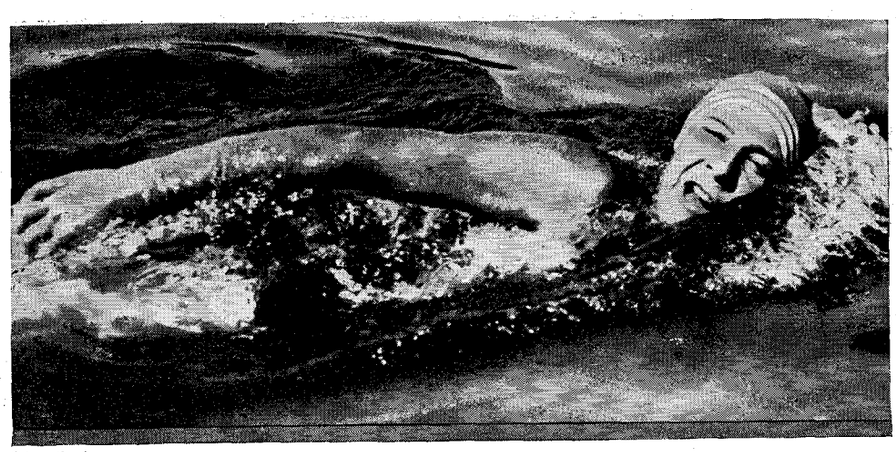
MISS MADISON pursues swimming records with rare singleness of purpose. Nothing (at least, hardly anything) is permitted to keep her from practise. For example:

She recently was in an automobile accident while on her way to practise in a Seattle pool. Despite a severe shaking up she got in her regular practise.

Altho confined in a Seattle hospital with an attack of influenza, Helene, after considerable practise, started out this year after more records.

She broke Miss Ederle's seven-year-old 220-yard free-style mark of 2:41 1-5, swimming the distance in a Chicago pool in 2:36 1-5.

She cracked Miss Ethel Lackie's 50-yard free-style mark in :27.1, bettering the old record by 2-10 of a second. She also bettered Miss Lackie's 75-yard free-style mark of :45.1 by 13-10 seconds. And she also captured Miss Lackie's 60-yard



International

Burning Up the Water in Pursuit of a New Record

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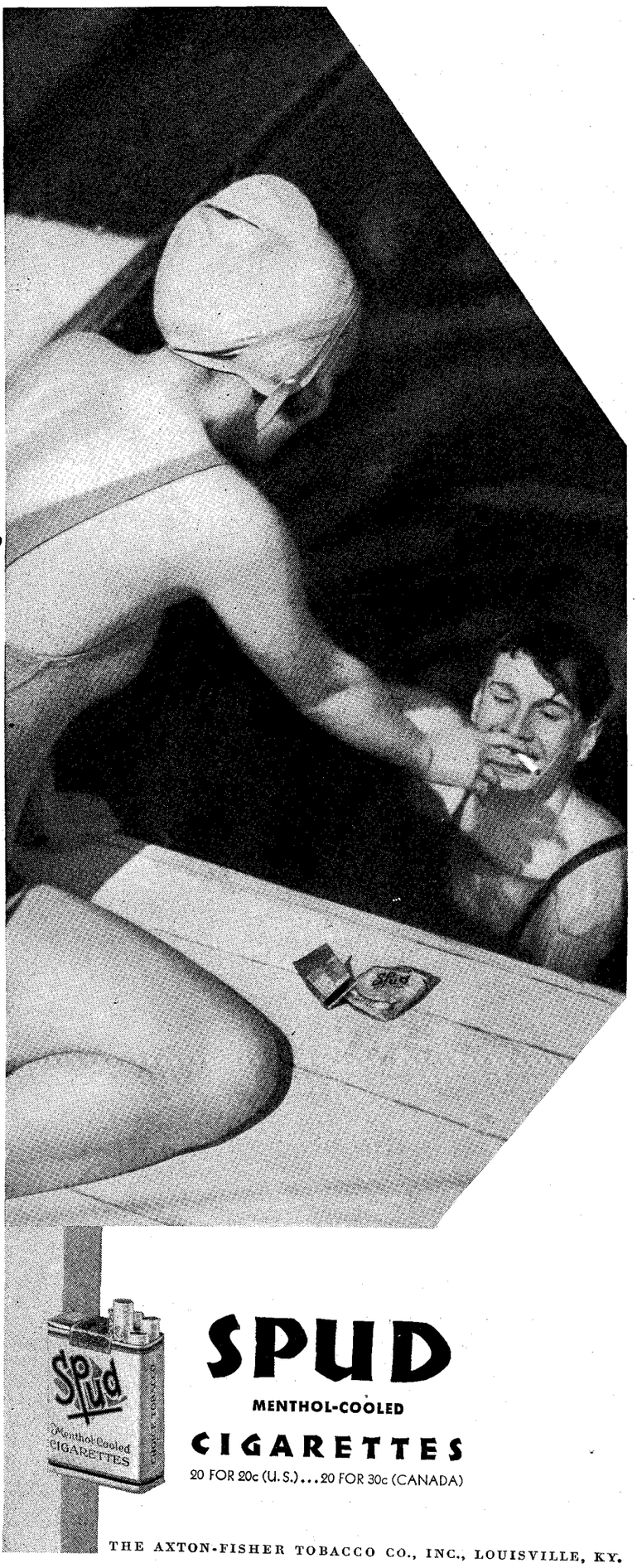
THE
"VACATION"
SMOKER*
EXPLAINED ◆◆◆



"Because they leave a Cleaner Taste."

"I always smoke more when I'm off the grindstone," he went on. "More pleasure in it...when I'm just lounging around. That's how I discovered Spuds. Found I could smoke all I wanted, and still Spuds left my mouth moist and cool . . . a grand kind of clean taste, if you understand..."

Yes sir, we *do* understand! That's what everybody's saying about Spuds . . . they keep you mouth-happy. The cleaner, cooler taste of Spuds heightens your delight in their full tobacco flavor. No wonder Spuds are called the grand new freedom in old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment!

*One of those interviewed in our recent survey amongst America's 2,000,000 Spud smokers.

SPUD
MENTHOL-COOLED
CIGARETTES
20 FOR 20c (U.S.)...20 FOR 30c (CANADA)

THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO CO., INC., LOUISVILLE, KY.

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free-style record, swimming it in 27 4-5 seconds, or 3-5 second faster than the former mark.

The champion's height is five feet eight and three-quarters inches, and she weighs between 145 and 150 pounds.

"My ideal swimming weight when I am in training is about 147 pounds," Helene said. "I have a very healthy appetite and can eat any wholesome food.

"I don't notice any difference between swimming in fresh and salt water."

Helene's complexion is clear, she is pink-cheeked and her hair is brown, bobbed. She likes nice clothes, but she dresses quietly, and isn't much of a hand, her mother said, at sewing things. As a girl Helene liked dolls, but never would bother to sew little garments for them.

"I never tried to force Helene to do something she did not want to do," said Mrs. Madison, who has been a companion and mother to the swimming champion for eighteen years. Helene plays the violin, and her mother frequently joins her at the piano in a duet.

Two amusing stories are told of Helene's early days in the water, which indicate that her talent did not spring into being overnight. Here is one:

West Green Lake in Seattle was where Helene actually started her sensational swimming career. Gradually, with the aid of her mother and father, Helene learned to swim. When she was twelve years old she was confronted by the question of whether she would enter her first swimming competition.

"Helene," said Mrs. Madison, "wouldn't you like to enter the children's races to represent your district?"

Helene hesitated shyly, then blurted out a strange confidence to her mother.

"I'd like to swim, but I am ashamed, and afraid I can't dive into the water at the start of the race," the girl explained.

Mrs. Madison hastened to inform the swimming coach, who was teaching the schoolchildren to swim, of the perplexing situation.

Two hours later she entered the children's meet, and won her first race easily. With the victory there was born the fighting heart's desire to win every race she entered.

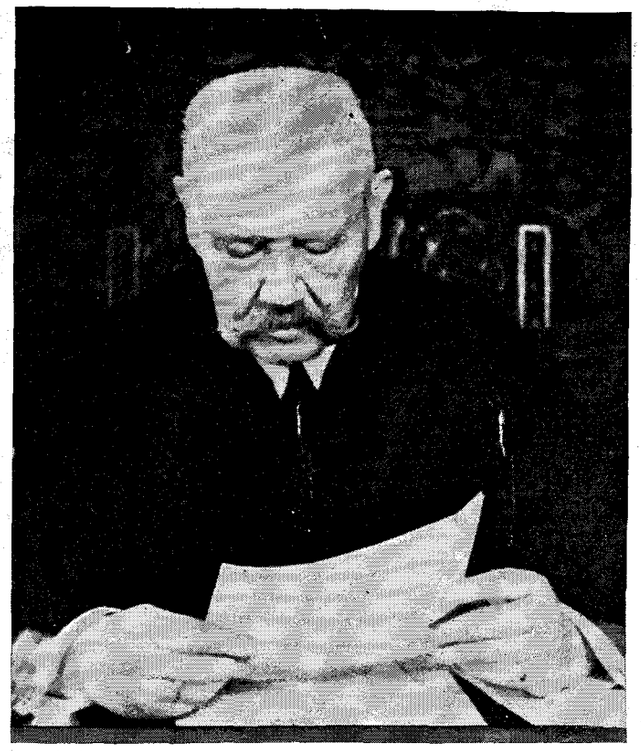
When Helene was fifteen years old there came an opportunity for her to enter the national junior championships at Detroit. Michigan was her father's birthplace, and Helene's mother eagerly made the journey to meet her husband's relatives. Motherlike, Mrs. Madison wanted the Madisons to see her unusual young daughter compete in the swimming races.

Helene first swam a short race for junior girls, and won the event handily. Meanwhile, the weather changed, and before the next event, the backstroke, it became very cold. Helene went to her mother.

"Mother," she pleaded, "it's too cold to swim, and I don't want to race in the backstroke."

Mrs. Madison did not think the weather was too cold, but drastic measures were needed to get Helene to enter the race. "I almost had to paddle her to warm her up and make her enter the competition," said Mrs. Madison. "But she finally did, and won the event."

A tumultuous welcome awaited Helene when she returned to Seattle, but "the glory did not turn the young girl's head. Instead, it made her almost grimly determined to capture more swimming records," we are told as Mr. Bassett continues his narrative, showing us how, from that time on, life has been one victory after another for her.



International

He Says He Whistles When He's Nervous

But President Hindenburg of Germany, who is shown in this recent photograph working over debt problems, has never been heard to whistle.

Hindenburg—A Hero Who Can't Go Window Shopping

"OLD GRANITE FACE" draws the line at togas. This square-built, crop-headed, fiercely mustached idol of his countrymen shudders at the thought of standing on a pedestal in bronze or marble, draped, à la Greece, or Rome, in a classical garment that reminds him of a bath towel. And the thought that he might be figured more symbolically—as an even less draped mythological deity—he simply will not endure.

But the President of the German Republic realizes that whether he likes it or not, a statue will one of these days be erected in his honor. But he wants no undue revealing of the Hindenburg lines. And no high-flown inscription either. One word will be enough—"Hindenburg." If posterity must carve something on the back of the pedestal, he says, let it be this: "Notice! Deliver no mail here!"

This is one of a number of anecdotes of the President of Germany related in *Collier's* by T. R. Ybarra.

Mr. Ybarra, who gives him the name of "Old Granite Face," and other writers picture graphically the day-by-day life of this man on whom such burdens rest in the present economic crisis. An Associated Press writer, for example, reveals his love of window-shopping, balked because his distinctive figure makes an incognito impossible. The writer in *Collier's* speaks of his imperturbability, which enabled him to sleep soundly while the votes that made him President were being counted, of the almost military rigor of his national discipline, and of his love for hunting.

Of late, because of his heavy labors, Mr. Ybarra says, "those around him have tried more and more to spare him unnecessary exertion." Reading further:

It is almost an unwritten law that he must not accept any invitations away from the Presidential palace. Now and then an exception is made—notably in the case of an occasional *bierabend*, with old military comrades, when Hindenburg sits drinking beer like a young lieutenant, and swapping yarns.

The field marshal and acquaintances were discussing what persons did when nervous. "I whistle," said Hindenburg.

"But, Your Excellency," objected one of those present, greatly puzzled, "I have never known you to whistle."

"I never do," he replied.

The decorative part of being Germany's President is anathema to Hindenburg. He hates speech-making. He hates formality. He hates all the "stunts." They still chuckle in Berlin when they tell about the time he was persuaded to talk over the radio.

Looking from head to foot like a man doing a job that is intensely disagreeable to him, the President walked up to the microphone. In a stilted, unnatural voice he spoke the piece carefully prepared for the occasion. The man in charge of the "stunt," overwhelmed by the honor of standing so near the most famous personage in all Germany, forgot to switch off the microphone when the speech was ended. So listeners all over the land were paralyzed to hear, in the gruff, natural voice of old Granite Face: "Well, thank God, that's over!"

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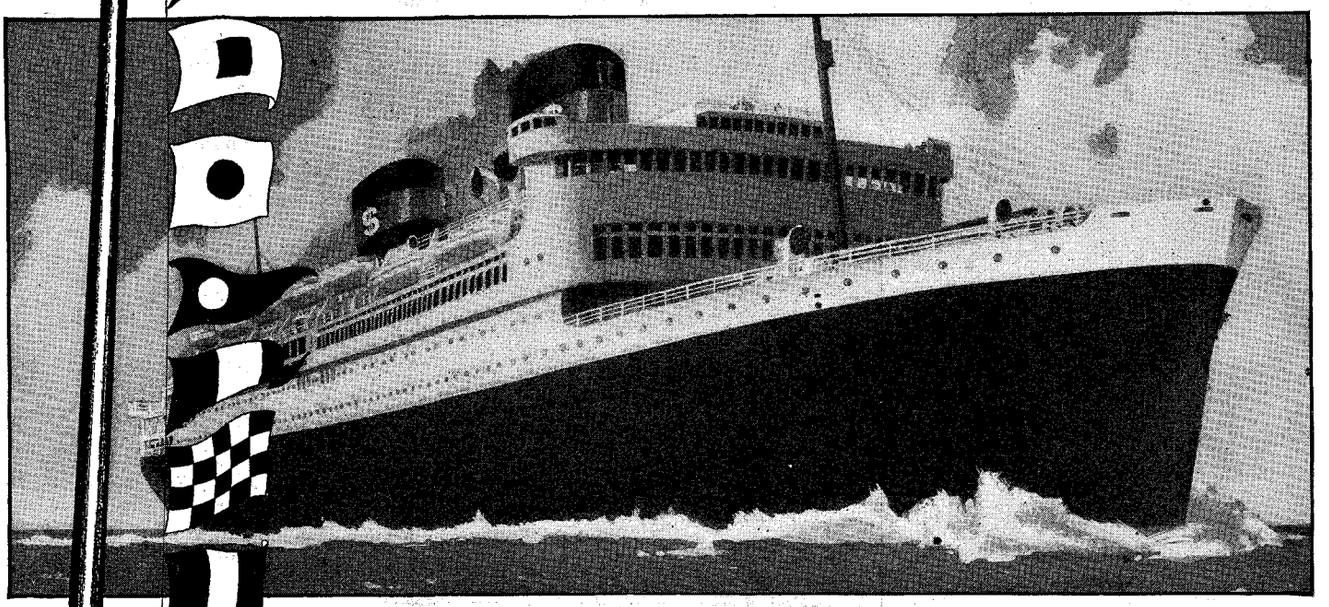
maiden voyage to CALIFORNIA HAWAII AND THE ORIENT



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Probability that the new process may be made available to other packers is disclosed in the announcement that the American Can Company has been authorized to grant the use of it to other coffee roasters.

"The Story of Vita-Fresh," a booklet which should be of interest to both housewife and business man, will be sent to you free upon request. GF

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Using Movie Methods to Move Kansas Wheat

A HUGE red sign decorated each of the ten grain cars:

HICKMAN PRICE'S WHEAT GOING TO MARKET.

Trucks came in endless streams from east and west, each bearing a big red placard which told the world:

HAULING WHEAT FOR HICKMAN PRICE.

Another huge red sign was placed over a platform carrying two car-loads of green steel drums:

OIL AND GREASE FOR PRICE'S WHEAT MACHINES.

The Texans in overalls haw-hawed.

"That movin'-picture hombre shore thinks well of himself," one of them declared.

"Moving-picture man?" asked the reporter—A. B. Macdonald of the Kansas City *Star*.

"Shore, that's what Price is, a movin'-picture feller from New York, come out here to show us how to grow wheat."

And it certainly seems from Mr. Macdonald's account in *The Star* that Hickman Price, former editor and motion-picture executive, is using movie-exploitation methods in the wheat fields. But perhaps it would be better to say that the tall, tanned, courteous one-time assistant to Will Hays is adapting (or at least trying to adapt) Henry Ford's mass-production methods to agriculture.

He has a 23,000-acre farm in the Texas Panhandle country.

He has been harvesting a half-million-bushel crop.

Six railroad trains of sixty cars each were needed to get it to market.

AND, as we have seen, he believes in letting people know what he is doing.

Mr. Macdonald, on his way to interview the large-scale farmer, passed many signs such as we have mentioned. But at last he came to one which read:

OFFICE OF HICKMAN PRICE.

But the end of the quest was not yet. And so we continue the account:

Men in khaki hurried in and out, others yelled into telephones and wrote messages hastily; men in search of work were coming on foot, with packs on their backs, or were driving up in cars; and here were the messengers on motor-cycles scurrying up, leaping off, darting into the office as they wiped the sweat from their hot faces with their sleeves, then popping out again, springing into the saddle, "put-put-put-puttering" out and disappearing in clouds of dust.

By the roadside were the big red signs and arrows pointing: "To Hickman Price's Headquarters"; or "To Hickman Price's Big Pasture"; or some other legend.

Hickman Price's head man in the office said to us:

"Price is at the headquarters, fifteen miles east; just take the road, follow the red arrows marked 'Headquarters,' and it will take you there."

We found Hickman Price in the newly cut stubble of a wheat field of 1,000 acres. He was bareheaded, sun-tanned, the sweat glistening on his face, a tall man of forty-five, courteous, smiling. He is a city-bred, cultured college man who came to this Texas Panhandle to try the experiment of growing wheat on a large scale, with the same cost-accounting, efficiency rules applied to it that have made successes of large manufacturing and commercial industries.

"You found your way, all right?" he asked.

"How could we get lost, with all those red signs to guide us?" we asked, and we told him how the old-style wheat farmers of the Texas Panhandle were laughing at him, saying he was a moving-picture dreamer who would go broke.

BUT it turned out that Mr. Price was not merely showing off. There was method in the madness of his red signs. He laughed and said, as quoted directly by the writer:

I know all about that. But the red signs are a part of the system of producing wheat at the least cost. I have 23,000 acres of wheat here; 4,000 acres of it is in one field thirty miles west of here; 10,000 acres lie in different large fields within ten miles of where we are now, but with the land of other men lying in blocks between; 4,000 acres of it lie east of here.

All of this wheat ripens almost at the same time. When that time comes we must be ready with an army of 250 men and a battery of machines.

We move against it as an army with its artillery moves into battle, to conquer it, cut it, thresh it, haul it, ship it, and this army must be generaled, captained, and moved quickly, efficiently, without loss or waste.

When wheat sells for from only thirty-five to fifty cents a bushel, there must not be one man too many, nor must we be short one necessary man to do this job as quickly as it can be done.

"Each man must work steadily from daylight until dark without loss of a single minute," said Mr. Price, continuing his explanation to the writer from Kansas City:

Captains, of course, are on this place the year round, trained men who know every foot of ground and every operation.

But the army of 250 men are raw recruits. They are strangers. They come from over all the Panhandle. We must have them the day the wheat is ripe. We must manage each man so he will do his most and his best, with no lost motion.

They come on the railroad and in cars and on foot. At the depot they see my red signs, "Hickman Price's Office." They go in. My man, in touch with me every minute, knows right where men are needed at that moment. He tells them what signs to follow. They can not go astray. The signs bring them. No delay, no stopping to ask the way.

If a man is to haul wheat from a certain field he is told to follow the red arrows to that field. Then he follows the red arrows to the loading cars and back again. There is no confusion, no lost motion of men under pay wandering around on strange roads.

So, you see, the red signs have a definite, cost-saving, speeding-up function.

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Versatile Diamond Stars Who Don't Mind Moving

A LEOPARD can not change his spots, but baseball boasts many players who can and do, without slacking their pace in the least. The major leagues this year offer seven rather enlightening examples of players who star in one position and "then move on to others with an assurance that big-league baseball is the same, whether you look at it from deep shortstop or through a right fielder's sun-glasses." So Claire Burcky tells us in an article syndicated by Newspaper Enterprise Association. There are in the American League "four fellows whose infield antics may shine one day and whose larcenous catches in the outfield in the next day will fairly take your breath. In the National League three athletes are getting heavy checks for this same versatility."

The list, we read, includes Ralph (Red) Kress of the Browns, Lew Fonseca of the White Sox, Jack Rothrock of the Red Sox, Ben Chapman of the Yankees, Fred Lindstrom of the Giants, Harvey Hendrick of the Reds, and Paul Waner of the Pirates. They're utility men of the type who play regularly wherever they happen to pull on a glove. Of some of these versatile gentlemen we read:

Red Kress holds some kind of a record. The freckled Browns' star has played third base, first base and right field this year, after taking four seasons to establish himself as one of the best shortstops in either league. Lew Fonseca intermittently played first, second and third for Cleveland, but was traded to the Sox to fill a breach at second base. Since donning the denim of the Comiskey clan, the Portuguese has become a creditable left fielder.

Seeing a chance to strengthen the attack of his Giants, John McGraw moved Lindstrom from third base to the outfield this spring and fell to work developing Vergez at the hot corner. Vergez came through for the "master mind," who never once visioned Lindstrom as anything but a successful outfielder. Fred has become the regular right fielder.

HARVEY HENDRICK hasn't pitched for the Reds this season, "but then Manager Howley hasn't asked him to," Mr. Burcky tells us as he continues:

Up to now, Hendrick has been strictly a first baseman for the Reds, but he played so many positions for his former Brooklyn owners that he thought seriously of filing incorporation papers.

It has been just one new position after another for Rothrock of the Red Sox and Chapman of the Yankees. Both came into the big show as infielders, but currently they're outfielders, unless they've moved again. Besides being a capable third baseman and outfielder, Rothrock enjoys the title of fastest man in the American League. Chapman played fairly well at both third and second for the Yankees last season. Being left-handed, Paul Waner found first base the only position he could combine with his outfielding. This he has done frequently this year at the request of the Pirate management.

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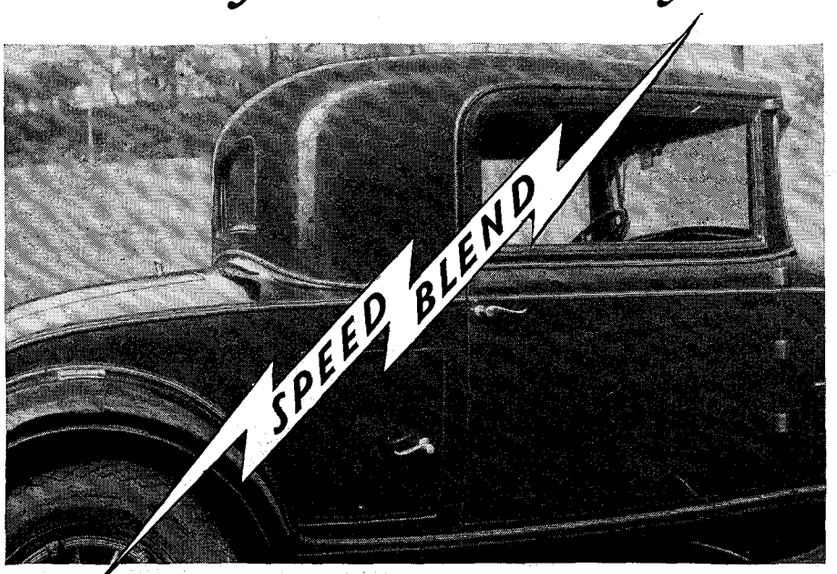

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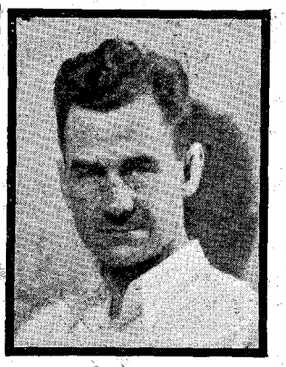

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WENR	—Chicago (Ex. Sat.)	10:15 C.D. Time
KWK	—St. Louis	9:15 C.S. Time
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How You Look to the Pullman Porter

DON'T call Jack Dempsey "Mister." You'll find Mary Garden kind and considerate.

Charlie Chaplin "is not quite as funny to the porter on his car as he is on the screen."

Gloria Swanson "knows service and demands it."

But "the boy of boys, the lord of lords, the king of kings, or what have you," was the late Battling Siki, explains H. N. Hall, writing on "The Art of the Pullman Porter" in *The American Mercury*. And Mr. Hall writes as an expert, for he has been a porter eighteen years, and out of his experience pictures some of the more famous members of the traveling public from an unusual angle.

"What a man!" he continues of the Battler. "I caught him the night after he fought in Buffalo, he had slipt away from his manager and trainers and taken in Niagara Falls, all day. The train left the Falls about midnight, and he and a bunch of his parasites came aboard. It was an awful mob. Siki was drest in evening clothes and wore tan button shoes. He remained up all night, drinking, and tipping everybody in sight."

Porters delight in serving Thurston, the magician, Mr. Hall tells us, but they are afraid of him, we read:

When the bell rings and the indicator points to Mr. Thurston's drawing-room, nothing but the porter's head ever goes inside the door. Too many things can happen in Mr. Thurston's room. I shall never forget the time that he had all the porters gather in the smoking-room, about three o'clock in the morning, for what he called "some African tests." After all the lights had been turned out, we knelt in a circle; then things began to happen and we began seeing things. It seemed that everything was in the room, noises of all kinds. When he turned on the lights only one porter was left (so I heard), and he had passed out. Mr. Thurston said that the tests were satisfactory.

DURING his eighteen years of portering, Mr. Hall has met some of the best people personally, he assures us—"at least two hundred of the big bankers and business men of New York and Boston." Of them he says:

I know the Boston ones better—the ones who belong to the Somerset and the Algonquin clubs and are Boston enough to pronounce Peabody "Pebbuddy"—and they know me.

But it isn't just knowing them and being able to call them by their names; I've got to remember what they smoke, what they drink, and how many minutes to call them before breakfast.

During my years of "running extra" on almost every road in the country, I have met politicians, gangsters, bootleggers, football and baseball players, actors and actresses, bankers and business men, writers, sportsmen, etc. I have been asked quite often who are the best passengers and tippers.

That question is a hard one to answer, but my first choice goes to the regular riders, such as traveling salesmen, who ride weekly or monthly. These men know service; they are reasonable; and your tip, tho only standard, is sure.

Then there is the working class, who work a year to take a vacation. This group includes young men and women who do office work, etc. They have itemized every little detail for the two weeks' trip. They are off for fun, and they never forget the porter.

Newlyweds are also good. The groom tips fast and heavy, especially in the presence of the bride, and he is always in her presence.

Women traveling alone are very conservative with their tips.

Baseball players are the limit; most of them are vulgar and uncouth. They tear up the linen, destroy the pillows in battles, and many walk out without even saying "thanks" for the service they receive.

Not all of them bear such a name, but one big-league team in particular has this reputation; and when a porter is assigned to its car he is in for a miserable night, and all porters know it.

Yet, one of the finest passengers I ever had the privilege to wait on was a ball-player. Mr. Eddie Collins, very quiet and dignified.

AMONG the women passengers Mr. Hall selects Miss Mary Garden as his favorite, telling us with pardonable pride:

I seldom catch her, but whenever she appears in a concert in my city she always calls my District Superintendent, and demands that I have charge of her car. She knows service, and is kind to those serving her; and even if she didn't tip above the average, her kindness and consideration are worth the chance of waiting on her.

Fatty Arbuckle is a prince to all porters who handle him—jolly, kind, and considerate, and one of the best crap-shooters in the business. He is not fussy or exacting, and it's a pleasure to serve him.

Some actors and actresses are ill-bred, and like to impress their friends with their importance, but as a general rule they're pretty fair.

Some of the best I have served during my years in blue are Mrs. Estelle Taylor Dempsey, who knows service and pays for it; Mr. Charlie Chaplin, who is not quite as funny to the porter on his car as he is on the screen; Miss Ann Pennington, who is easy-going and makes everybody around her happy; and Miss Gloria Swanson, who knows service and demands it.

It is always a pleasure when I have Mr. Jack Pickford on my car. I shall never forget that he and his young first wife were my passengers just before they sailed for Europe, where she died.

Mr. Tom Mix is far different from his pictures; instead of being full of life and romping all over the place, he is always calm and easy.

There are many more whose names I could call, but space will not permit. But I must mention Mr. Wally Reid. I hauled him a few times on the coast on short trips, and he was always happy and bubbling over with life. The last time I hauled him was during his illness, when all his pep and dash were gone, and he was just a shadow of his former self. One of his requests of me on that trip was that I be the porter on his funeral car. I was.

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A Juvenile Nation at Geneva

GRANDPA was British and Grandma was Danish. Papa was born at Cape Town, South Africa. He was educated in France, and entered the diplomatic service, serving in Vladivostok and Hongkong. Then he went to Geneva as a liaison officer at the League of Nations for Soviet Russia. He married an Italian woman there, and there the little boy with whom we are chiefly concerned was born—a true cosmopolite.

This youngster with such a scrambled international background and heredity is only one citizen of the new "nation" that is springing up at League of Nations headquarters at Geneva.

It is composed, according to an account sent out by International News Service, of "200 children who, having been born at Geneva, know little or nothing of the lands of their fathers.

"They are the sons and daughters of 1,000 functionaries who were recruited from all corners of the world as, one by one, large and lesser Powers rallied to the standard of the dove and olive branch." Further:

It is doubtful, however, whether any of them will reach maturity under the egis of the League, for in view of the present state of international law they would become virtually men and women without a country.

A League child who eventually became a doctor or lawyer at Geneva would not be allowed to practise his profession abroad. In order to avoid complications, League parents are prepared to send their children back to the home of their fathers for complete primary education. Thus the maximum age in the juvenile state will probably remain about ten years.

Unlike the immigrants who tumbled into the great American melting-pot, they will emerge from the most cosmopolitan influence imaginable and attempt to acquire a bona-fide nationality.

Anglo-Saxons formed the nucleus of the original League organization, but members of foreign delegations, by intermarriage at Geneva, have created a polyglot breed that probably exists nowhere else.

NEXT the writer proceeds to describe some representative youngsters of this new "nation." Here is an interesting case:

A Galician newspaper correspondent, who was naturalized British, knows not one word of the King's English, altho he married an Australian employee of the League.

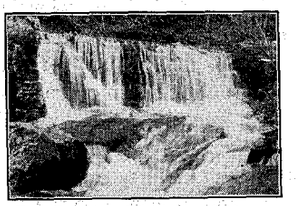
His five-year-old daughter, tho, can rattle off childish patter and slang in five languages.

Another boy, whose parents arrived in Geneva five years ago from New York, is just beginning to speak English with a strong League accent.

"I've got to do it because daddy doesn't know much French," he explains.

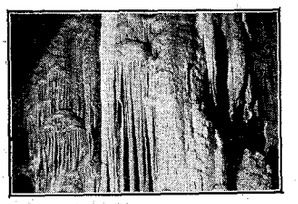
While the fathers, and, in many instances, the mothers, are at their desks in the peace palace grinding out reports on armaments, economics, narcotics, labor, and sociology, the kiddies are out in the gardens around the lake playing and scrapping, which occupations are, according to an official, the most truly international.

Both "THE FIRST CITIZEN" and YOU « « « will find the vacation you want in Virginia!



The Rapidan River, on which the Hoover Camp is located.

Virginia Beach, one of the most popular of Virginia seaside resorts.



The Caverns of the beautiful Shenandoah Valley.

Mt. Vernon. No less famous are Monticello, home of Jefferson; Arlington, home of Lee.

Over 900 Highway Markers locate places of interest to the motorist.

AMONG the misty-blue Virginia hills, fishing streams like the Rapidan go chuckling over the stones. Westward, white roads swing up the tall mountains that hold some of the loveliest scenery in eastern America. A few hours southward, blue seas are lapping on the clean, white sands.

In the country between lie Natural Wonders such as the weirdly beautiful Caverns of the Shenandoah Valley; Natural Bridge that leaps a stream 200 feet below; mineral and hot springs around which famous resorts are located. Almost everywhere you will find ground hallowed by history, scenes stirring with memories of great men and great deeds. The spot where John Smith landed in 1607 . . . the birthplace of Washington, of Lee . . . the church where Henry spoke for Liberty . . . the field where Cornwallis surrendered . . . dramatic chapters of two great wars.

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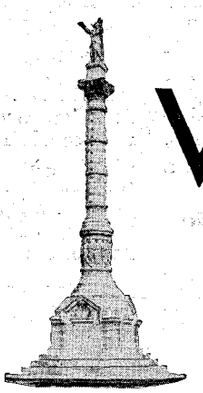
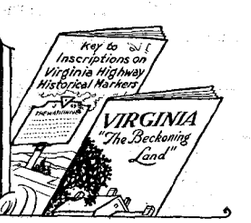
STATE COMMISSION ON CONSERVATION AND DEVELOPMENT
Room 124, State Office Building
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA



The Government Monument at Yorktown, Virginia, where the 150th Anniversary of Cornwallis' Surrender will be commemorated October 16-19, 1931.

VIRGINIA

Write for your copy of the booklet *"Virginia, The Beckoning Land."* 40 pages profusely illustrated. Maps to help you plan your trip. A copy of the booklet giving inscriptions on Highway Historic Markers will also be sent to all planning to visit Virginia.



Ask for a copy of the interesting historical story and illustrated booklet, "The President's Camp on the Rapidan."

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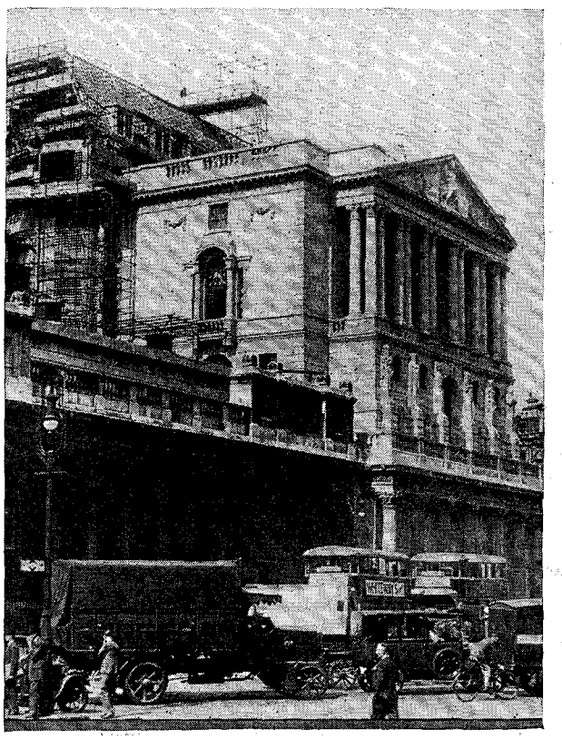
To Stop the Drain on British Gold

THAT THE THREE GREAT BANKS which take the lead in international financing "should get together and arrange the manner in which the two countries overstocked with gold help the country suffering from a lack of it" seems natural enough to *The American Banker*.

Natural it may be, but this cooperative move toward further stabilization of the world's finances is certainly received with enthusiasm in each of the three countries concerned. Reference is made, of course, to the way in which the Bank of France and the Federal Reserve Bank of New York came together to share equally in extending a $250,000,000 credit to the Bank of England. This was done to check the flow of gold from London which has been the most remarkable financial phenomenon of recent weeks.

In an effort to keep funds from leaving London, the Bank of England, it will be remembered, raised its rediscount rate on July 23 from 2½ per cent. to 3½ per cent. and then again on July 30 to 4½ per cent. In addition to this it was generally understood that New York banks were refraining from taking gold out of London during the time when a difference of values made such shipment profitable. Now it is thought that the collaboration of the central banks should end the drain of gold to the Continent which has been going on more or less for the last two years, and which has been accentuated since Germany's financial crisis has been the talk of the world.



Underwood photograph

The Bank of England as it Looks To-day

"The old lady of Threadneedle Street is having her face lifted"—so some one describes the additions being made to the original one-story building which has so long been one of the most familiar landmarks of London.

IN one week in July, for instance, as much as $75,000,000 was withdrawn from the gold stock of the Bank of England. According to the financial writers, most of this gold has gone to Paris. The concentration of gold in New York and Paris is illustrated by the fact that late in July, as reported by the Alexander Hamilton Institute, "the gold holdings of the United States amounted to $4,951,000,000, while those of France amounted to $2,219,000,000, a total of $7,170,000,000 or 64.7 per cent. of the total stock of the monetary gold in the world."

Now, as has been said, financial circles in Washington, New York, London, and Paris all welcome the cooperation of the Paris and New York banks. At the Federal Reserve Bank in New York, according to *The American Banker*, the negotiation, in which all three banks figured equally, is looked upon as a healthy sign and an indication of solidity.

In London some bankers, as a New York *Times* correspondent reports, actually look upon this step "as a first move toward a permanent solution of the gold problem through the machinery of the bank for international settlements, when instead of cumbersome gold transfers only a debit and credit entry in the books of the World Bank will be needed." It is felt, we read on, that—

> Sterling has been saved from further inroads, and that the credits Britain has extended to Germany will not have to be recalled because of the possible further depletion of the Bank of England reserves. There is no expectation here that the credits will need to be used, but the mere fact that they have been offered will enable Britain to breathe freely in continuing to carry a part of the German burden.

Sir Robert Horne, former Chancellor of the Exchequer, is quoted in the same paper as saying: "We have waited for such signs of collaboration since 1922." The transaction means to the London *Sunday Observer* that "cooperation between London, New York, and Paris is insured from now forward until the present crisis of international credit is overcome."

In Paris the press is equally gratified. *L'Information* likes the "all for one and one for all" idea. Now, it says, "the pound, which is, and will remain, the first international unit, finds itself flanked by the dollar and the franc, which enjoy, for the time being, a higher coverage of gold because of circumstances created by the world-wide economic depression."

AND in this country the New York *Times* is equally delighted—

> It has been supposed, or alleged, that France, with her great stock of gold and her enormous command of credit, was willing to stand by and see Germany ruined and England humbled.
>
> That kind of silly slander has now been given a quietus.

"Not since France accepted Mr. Hoover's moratorium plan has anything occurred that so helps the European situation as the Franco-American credit to the Bank of England," declares the Chicago *Journal of Commerce*. It explains that the raid on the Bank of England will be stopt, that British bankers will no longer be tempted to withdraw their short-term credits from Germany, "and since this will improve the German situation, other European financial centers with short-term credits in Germany will be less inclined to withdraw them." Thus the obvious beneficiaries are Britain, Germany, and Germany's "inevitable satellites," Austria and Hungary. It seems to the Chicago daily that the credit really localizes the financial malady:

> It is now restricted to the German-Austrian-Hungarian area. And Germany is applying a number of excellent remedies. And the world bank, in accordance with an agreement at the London conference, is selecting a committee that will study ways of converting some of Germany's short-term credits into long-term. And the American member of this committee is Mr. Wiggin, a frank, capable, and unpretentious man who is the head of the largest of all banks [Chase National of New York].

THE New York *Journal of Commerce* makes the interesting point that:

> The French may prefer to assist Germany by keeping their balances in London and letting London take the lead in seeing that Germany is protected against credit withdrawals for the time being. In some respects such roundabout aid is a more satisfactory arrangement for all concerned, because it will

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provide an extra guaranty for the French, and remove the need for direct Franco-German negotiations irritating to both sides.

THE following explanation of the recent movements of gold appears in a New York *Times* article based on a statement by the Associated Press:

A torrent of gold to the United States resulted from the payment of the enormous volume of war supplies bought in this country during the World War. Exports so greatly exceeded imports that foreign countries were forced to pay in gold.

The flow of gold to Paris resulted from the return to France of French capital after the post-war stabilization of French currency.

The latest drain on London's gold came as a repercussion of the German crisis. Since much of the world's international balance of payments is made through the common medium of sterling, the flight of funds from Germany to other countries resulted in severe pressure against sterling exchange, which in turn caused uneasiness over balances in London, and resulted in heavy French withdrawals from that center.

That Railroad Calendar

THE railroads' appeal for a 15 per cent. increase in freight rates seems thoroughly justified to *Barron's Weekly*, as it considers what the railroads must do with their earnings through the year.

We are reminded that the Transportation Act limits railroads to a 5¾ per cent. profit on their investment; "therefore, they can not in prosperous years lay up a reserve fund for wages and maintenance in lean years." In other words, "wages and all other expenses must come out of the earnings of the year."

And this brings *Barron's* to these reflections on the railroad calendar:

The railroads must work through January, February, March, April, and May to earn enough freight to pay the wages for the year. Next is fuel for the locomotives, and other necessary supplies, which would absorb the earnings for June, July, and August. September would just about pay other necessary expenses.

There are three more months, perhaps they can save something yet.

But can they?

The roads work hard through October and November, and rejoice at the earnings they have accumulated, but their joy is short-lived, for in comes the tax-collector to get his share. And he has no more than closed the door after him than in comes the bondholder demanding his interest, which, whether earned or not, must be paid to avoid a receivership. These two take all the earnings of October and November.

December still remains, perhaps ample maintenance now can be provided.

Alas for human hopes! About Christmas, dividend requirements walk into the treasurer's office. That leaves about one week of the year's earnings to be applied on maintenance of road and equipment with which to serve a public that demands both efficiency and safety.

Forty-Niners

IN 1849, Conestoga wagons streamed across Western plains in the gold rush to California. Pioneer gas companies operating in that year of the forty-niners included **Rochester Gas Light Company** and **Worcester Gas Light Company.**

Among other Associated gas companies and the years they were founded are those serving:

Easton, Pa.	1850
New Bedford, Mass.	1850
Ithaca, New York	1852
Elmira, New York	1852
Cambridge, Mass.	1852
Johnstown, Pa.	1856

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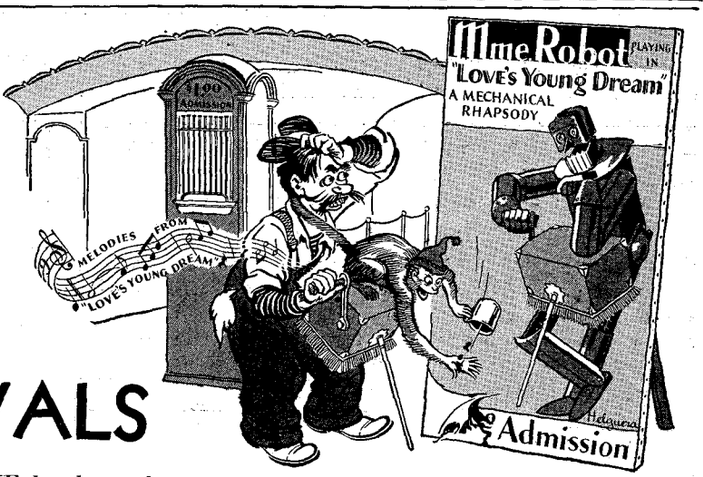
RIVALS



THE hurdy-gurdy man meets a baffling problem. Why should his rival, the Robot of Canned Music, perform for money in a theatre, while he and his monkey receive only adjurations to move out of the block? Truly, a strange enigma! Millions have found canned music unsatisfying and have joined the Music Defense League in protest against its substitution for Living Music in the theatre. If you love good music and value its cultural influence on our national life, it is your privilege to do likewise. Just sign and mail this coupon.

LD-8-15

AMERICAN FEDERATION OF MUSICIANS
1440 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Without further obligation on my part, please enroll my name in the Music Defense League as one who is opposed to the elimination of Living Music from the Theatre.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... *State*.....

THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF MUSICIANS

(Comprising 140,000 professional musicians in the United States and Canada)
JOSEPH N. WEBER, *President*, 1440 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

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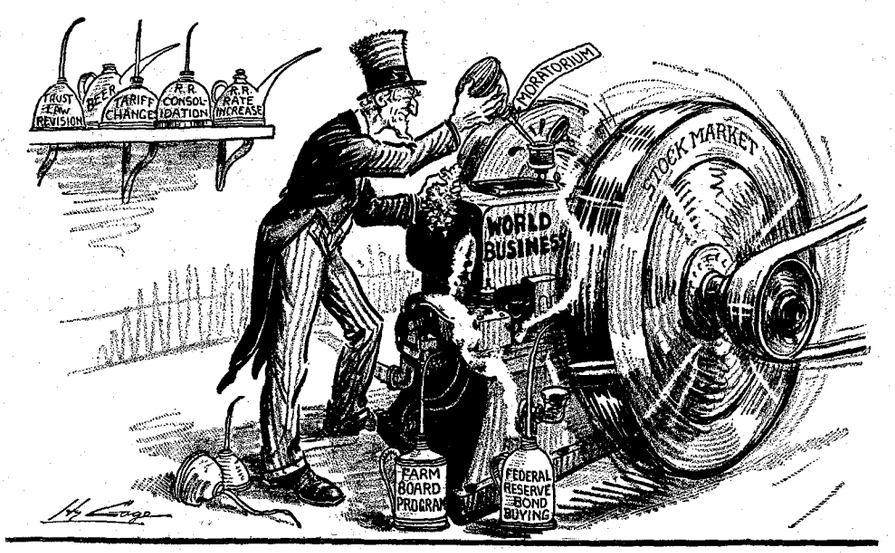
Washington "Hypodermics" for Business

SICK BUSINESS, WHETHER IT WANTS IT OR NOT, "is in for a regular course of treatment by the Government at Washington," writes Charles Benedict in *The Magazine of Wall Street.*

President Hoover, we are told, has given up the idea of letting nature take its course.

Mr. Benedict points out that already a number of positive measures have been taken. First there was the Federal Reserve buying of government securities, "designed to transfuse some vivifying cash from the central reserves to the patient's feeble



Something Ought to Work

—Gage in "The Magazine of Wall Street."

circulation system." Then there was the dynamic step of calling for the war-debt moratorium and Federal Reserve participation in extending credit to Germany. Then there was the slight modification of the Farm Board's grain-marketing policy, and the President's reprimand for the "wheat shorts."

The reaction after the first pick-up that followed the moratorium announcement has not, we read on, "discouraged Washington from pursuing its examination of other remedies":

Some of these will be emergency measures designed to meet severe sinking spells, while others will be more in the nature of assistance to convalescence and the promotion of permanent good health, altho not without current stimulative values.

The securities markets and the various "curves" of business will be watched for symptoms, and the hypodermics and other expedient or fundamental remedies will be opportunely administered from time to time. There will be no lump publication of the program in advance, but it may be expected that every now and then the patient will be given another "shot" in a skilfully dramatized manner that will lend itself to stirring publicity exploitation.

THERE are two points of view about such a program, it is observed. There are critics who have no faith "in cures that are not self engendered," and who do not even concede any moral values in the proposed undertakings, "holding that the public is sick and tired of conferences, commissions, and committees, confidence drives, professional publicists of optimism, plans and planners, and everything that savors of bootstrapism."

On the other hand, "the advocates of leadership say that business depression was brought on by thoughtlessness, and can be relieved by collective thought followed by corrective action."

Mr. Benedict sees merits in both arguments:

It is unquestionably true that collective action can help in remedying the lethargic state of business, but the hazards which the critics see in governmental leadership are by no means fantoms. We have been surfeited with panaceas until there is a natural and wholesome recoil from anything that savors of a business cure-all.

AT this point the writer lists a number of remedies that have been put before the President, some of which, he thinks, might be useful, while others ought to be rejected:

1. Stimulation of building and construction, mainly of residence building; and that chiefly by the creation of a great national building-loan finance agency of a rediscount nature.
2. Do something that will improve the South American situation.
3. Extend a helping hand to Asia by energetically tackling the silver problem.
4. Undertake a five-billion public works program, financed by a Federal bond issue.
5. Spend three billion dollars for unemployment relief, etc.
6. Expedite favorable action by the Interstate Commerce Commission on the petition of the railways for increased railway rates.
7. Hasten railway consolidation.
8. Take government (Farm Board) wheat and cotton out of the market.
9. Start the construction of the St. Lawrence deep waterway from the Great Lakes to the sea.
10. Inaugurate a great drive to get all farmers into the cooperatives, which have been taken under the wing of the Farm Board, and finance them with 1,250 million dollars to eliminate (destroy?) all existing surpluses and prevent others in the future.
11. Revise the antitrust laws to fit modern conditions.
12. Restore beer and brewing to legitimacy.
13. Hasten the disarmament of all nations.
14. Call an international tariff conference to draft principles of basic tariff legislation which will recognize that foreign trade should be mutually encouraged.

SPACE hardly permits quotation from discussion of each of these economic fourteen points. Mr. Benedict does note President Hoover's conviction that if the building industry "can be restored without overbuilding, new life will be imparted to business as a whole." And it is pointed out in this connection that the experts of the President's Conference on Home Ownership are "sampling something more than forty plans for stimulating home building." While there is a strong demand for the President to do something for South America, this writer feels that about all he can do "is to pass the word along to the bankers to be as constructive as is compatible with safety in handling their South American loans." As for the silver problem, it does require governmental intervention, we are told, but Mr. Benedict does not see what good an international conference will do. Three of the "cures" are said to belong to the brass-tack category —"cures that would have immediate results and yet are as rational as arithmetic." These are the speeding up of railroad-rate increases and railroad consolidation, and the withdrawal of Farm Board wheat and cotton from the market.

Passing on to Mr. Benedict's concluding observation, we read:

Whether some of the business cures here reviewed are nothing more than sedative, ephemeral heart stimulants or even stark quackeries, it is important that the President and the Government at Washington are no longer defeatists. They are ready to do something, but they are charged with the great responsibility of separating the grain from the chaff in all of the possible expedients before them. If they choose those remedies whose ultimate effects are favorable, all will be well and business will permanently respond. If they elect the spectacular and momentarily beneficial, the obstacles to final recovery will only be the larger.

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for AUGUST 15, 1931

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THE SPICE OF LIFE

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

Give Her Her Due.—A cigar is only a cigar, but a good woman is a cook.—*Tampa Tribune.*

Wised Up, Yeah?—Sign seen in Oslo store window: "English Spoken, American Understood."—*Annapolis Log.*

Among the Casualties.—If all the actors in Hollywood were laid end to end it would probably be because they were making scenes for gangster pictures.—*Judge.*

Anybody's Guess.—GRIGGS—"I've never met your wife. She's a blonde, isn't she?"

BRIGGS—"I'm not sure. She's visiting a beautician this afternoon."—*Answers.*

Good Trader.—"Son," said the busy mother, "can you change a dollar for me?"

"Almost," replied the lad quickly. "I can change 65 cents for it."—*Chicago News.*

Skin-Tight Suit.—Half the cigars made in the United States have imported wrappers. This does not mean the cellophane wrappers; it means the cigars' underwear.—*Tampa Tribune.*

Young Reformer's Handicap.—In her school essay on "Parents," a little girl wrote: "We get our parents at so late an age that it is impossible to change their habits."—*Boston Transcript.*

Spoke Her Mind.—A woman in Pennsylvania, after being mute for twenty years, recently recovered her speech when stung by a bumble bee, but what speech she recovered isn't of record probably because of the censorship laws.—*New York Evening Post.*

Tragedy in a Nutshell.—Mule in a barnyard, lazy and sick. Boy with a pin on the end of a stick. Boy jabbed the mule—mule gave a lurch—(services Monday at the M. E. Church).—*Bowling Green Exponent.*

Handy Dose.—EIGHT-YEAR-OLD (reading magazine)—"What's a literary aspirant, Margie?"

MARGIE (slightly older)—"I guess it's what an author takes when he has a headache."—*Exchange, quoted by the Boston Transcript.*

Reward of Chivalry.—Cries for help had attracted Fred's attention. A big man was beating a much smaller individual.

"Leave him alone!" shouted Fred, who threw himself into the fray and knocked out the big man with a well-timed uppercut.

"Thanks," said the little man after he had pulled himself together. "Now, look here, you share this 10-pound note I took off 'im."—*London Opinion.*

Snappy Come-back.—HE (smoking a cigaret)—"Shall I blow you a ring?"

SHE—"You can blow me to one."—*Boston Transcript.*

When Time Was Kind.—"Have any of your childhood hopes been realized?"

"Yes. When mother used to pull my hair I wished that I didn't have any."—*U. P. Magazine.*

Economy First.—"Porter, how much to carry baggage?"

"Ten cents the first parcel, then five cents each further parcel."

"I will carry the first parcel and you take the other."—*Lustige Kölner Zeitung.*

"What I said was: 'Don't keep nudging me or you'll have us over.'"
—"Passing Show."

Scarlet Prints.—A Philadelphia minister has just started a campaign against the lipstick. As if the young men of the land had not been setting their faces against it for years.—*Boston Transcript.*

May Have Dreamt It.—"Are you positive," demanded counsel, "that the prisoner is the man who stole your car?"

"Well," answered the witness, "I was until you cross-examined me. Now I'm not sure whether I ever had a car at all."—*Buffalo News.*

Lifting the Curtain.—"I want to bring young Wivelspoon home to dinner tonight," said the husband.

"Bring him to-night!" shrieked his wife. "You know that the maid left without notice and the baby's cutting teeth, and I've got a cold, and the butcher says we can't have any more meat until we pay the bill. . . ."

"Yes, I know all that," he interrupted. "That's why I want to bring him home. I like the young fathead and he's thinking of getting married."—*Tit-Bits.*

Slips That Pass in the Night

Stuffy Job.—A widower, fifty, fell in love with a pretty girl who worked as an usher in a heater.—*Morning Oregonian.*

Cruel Advice.—
HARRY YOUR HAIR DRESSER
—*Sign in Montclair, New Jersey.*

Falls Often Cause Busts.—
FOUR BUSTS ADDED
TO THE FALL OF FAME
—*Boston Post.*

Getting Stronger, Too.—Blueberries are getting more plentiful and several were seen starting off with pails this morning.—*Amesbury (Mass.) paper.*

Hot Mammas.—A tremendous warm of bees tied up traffic most of one morning at a downtown intersection in Kansas City.—*Palm Beach Times.*

Ba-a-a-a-a-a!—
"SHEEP AND GOAT"
Miss Nanney
—*Program of a piano recital at Asheville, North Carolina.*

Out in the Cold.—Having left my bed and board on and after this date I will not be responsible for any debts contracted by my wife.—*Hoboken (N. J.) Jersey Observer.*

They Often Work That Way.—A 15-day vacation in Monterrey boulevard, was reported rapidly recovering yesterday, following a minor operation in Hotel Dieu Tuesday.—*Beaumont (Tex.) paper.*

Barnum Missed Another.—Girl who persuaded boy to take brindle bull is known answers to name of Buster and is black with a white chest. Please return.—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

History's Longest Year.—New York, July 1.—(AP)—The Gatty-Post round-the-world flight is an index of the progress made in transportation since Magellan circumnavigated the globe in 1,083 days in 1519.—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

Line Forms This Side.—
LADIES NIGHT
At the Peewee Golf Club
A lady free with every paid round
on Tuesday night.
—*Belleville (Kans.) Paper.*

Handy to Have in These Times.—Now that the English have resigned themselves to the single state of the Prince of Wales we expect to read any morning that that surprizing young man has gone and got himself a financee.—*Hutchinson News, according to the Manhattan (Kans.) Chronicle.*

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